

JAMES BROOKE, RAJAH OF SARAWAK.

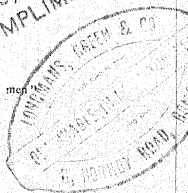
(See page 156.)

# GATEWAYS TO HISTORY

## Book IV. Wardens of Empire.

WITH MESSRS.  
LONGMANS, GREEN & CO.'S  
COMPLIMENTS.

"Let us now praise famous men"



LONDON

EDWARD ARNOLD

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## PREFACE

THIS book is the fourth volume of GATEWAYS TO HISTORY, a Graduated Series of Historical Reading Books, of which the following is a complete list :

BOOK I.—*Heroes of the Homeland*. Price 10d. Simply-told stories of some of the great men and women of our island story, beginning with Bede and ending with Gordon. A companion to the first volume of the HOME AND ABROAD READERS, which is entitled *Glimpses of the Homeland*, and to the corresponding volume of STEPS TO LITERATURE, which is entitled *Tales of the Homeland*.

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BOOK VI.—*The Pageant of the Empires*. Price 1s. 6d. An introduction to world history from the time of Ancient Egypt to that of Modern Britain, simply and brightly written. A companion to the HOME AND ABROAD READER, VI.—*The World's Trade and Traders*—and to STEPS TO LITERATURE, Book VI.—*Glances of World Literature*.

In most school books on the history of the Empire each great division is dealt with separately. This arrangement has its advantages, but it obscures the fact that at certain periods of our history we were engaged in Empire-building in several quarters of the world at one and the same time, and that occasionally there was some definite connection between the events which took place in different parts of the world. The history of the founding of the British Empire is to a great extent the history of Britain since the time of Elizabeth, and it has been treated as such in this volume, the great events being dealt with, as far as possible, in chronological order. But for those teachers who prefer to deal in turn with each great division of the Empire the Editor has inserted a second table of Contents showing how the various chapters may be read to serve this purpose. Possibly the best method is to take the pupil through the book as it stands, and then let him read it a second time, taking the chapters in the order given in the alternative table of Contents.

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FRANCIS BACON IN HIS STUDY.

Bacon, who lived in the days of Queen Elizabeth, was the author of an essay on *Plantations*, by which he means Colonies. In this essay he writes: "I may justly account new plantations to be the children of former kingdoms."

# GATEWAYS TO HISTORY

## BOOK IV.

### CHAPTER I.—GREATER BRITAIN.

THE full title of the Sovereign who reigns over the British Empire is "King of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and of the British Dominions beyond the Seas, Emperor of India." Thus we see that our Empire is divided into three great divisions :

- (1) Great Britain and Ireland ;
- (2) The British States beyond the Seas ;
- (3) India.

We have already seen\* how England, Wales, Scotland and Ireland were drawn together to form one country under the same ruler. In the present book we are going to read the story of Britain's expansion beyond her sea-girt borders ; in other words, we are going to learn how it was that the King of Great Britain and Ireland came to be King also of many lands beyond the seas, as well as Emperor of India.

\* See Books III. and IIIA. of this series.



But we are not going to forget the Mother Country. We cannot tell the story of the expansion of Britain without taking note of what happened in our islands themselves. So we are still to deal with British history, only we are to think in a special manner of the way in which British people have made for themselves new homes across the ocean.

We shall begin just before the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Not long before she came to the throne we lost the town of Calais, the last portion of the French kingdom over which at one time our Kings bore rule, though for many years after this each of our rulers kept the empty title of King of France. Every boy and girl has heard how Queen Mary, who was then on the throne, was deeply grieved at the loss of Calais, and how she said that after she was dead the name of the place would be found written on her heart.

We mention the loss of Calais because it marks the time when our country was once and for all separated from the other nations of Europe. Before this time there had always been a desire on the part of our Kings to rule, not only an island kingdom, but part of the mainland of Europe as well. In fact, when Henry II. was on the throne, England was only a part of his dominions, and not by any means the most important part.

Edward III. at the Battle of Crecy and Henry V. at the Battle of Agincourt fought for the French crown, and the baby son of the latter King became in due time King of France, as well as of England. But before long France rose under Joan of Arc, and in time the English

living in Portugal a Prince named Henry, who, because of his interest in discovery, was afterwards given the name of "The Navigator." The people of Portugal had many struggles with the Moors of Northern Africa, who had overrun the Spanish Peninsula. From this race they won a long stretch of the coast of the continent lying opposite the shores of Spain.

They had been told that Africa was a land of demons, where fierce storms raged the whole year round, and where the climate would not permit white men to live. But as they pushed southward along the coast, they found these were lying tales ; that the land was fertile and the climate good ; and that off the coast there lay fair islands, such as the Azores, the Madeiras, and Cape Verde Islands, which for beauty and fertility seemed to be more like the abode of angels than of demons.

Prince Henry sent out one ship after another, using his own money for the purpose, and urging wealthy men to spend their riches in finding out new lands which would bring glory to their kingdom and wealth untold to themselves. One after another of the stormy African capes were rounded, though at one time the grim proverb had passed from mouth to mouth that "he who passes Cape Nun will either return or not."

Portuguese sailors made their way up the mouths of some of the rivers, and began to trade with the natives in gold-dust and ivory. Then they reached what is now known as the Gulf of Guinea, where they found more gold, and also carried away numbers of the black people to work for them as slaves. At that time few, if any, people thought that it was wrong to take part in the

slave trade. As we shall see later, our own people shared the general ideas on this matter.

The King of Portugal then ordered that at certain points along the coast the Portuguese should set up stone columns "each twice the height of a man, and bearing on the top a stone cross, soldered on with lead." The first of these pillars to be set up was near the mouth of a "goodly river," which was afterwards found to be one of the largest in the world, and was given the name of the Congo.

"When the captain, Diego Cam, had set up the pillar," we read in an old book, "and saw how great was the river, it was clear to him that on its banks there must be many settlements; and when he went up it a little way he saw on both banks many black people with woolly hair, such as he had met with all along the coast above."

Three years later another Portuguese captain, named Bartholomew Diaz, discovered the great cape to the south of Africa which has given its name to one of our largest colonies. "To it the captain and his company gave the name Stormy, because of the dangers and tempests that had beset them in the rounding of it; but when they came home, the King Don John, the father of Prince Henry, gave it another and fairer name. He called it the Cape of Good Hope, because it awoke the hope that India, so much desired and so long sought, would be found at last."

We see, then, that these daring sailors were not braving the dangers and tempests only to add glory to the name of Portugal and her King. They wished to

## CHAPTER III.—THE WORK OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

FIVE years before Vasco da Gama rounded the Cape of Good Hope, Columbus made his eventful voyage across the Atlantic. We often hear it said that he "discovered America," but this is not strictly true. More than four hundred years before his time some Norsemen who had settled in Iceland sailed down the eastern shore of North America.

One of them, named Leif the Lucky, found there a beautiful country, which he called Vinland, and which, it is thought, lay to the south of the St. Lawrence estuary. Here a colony was founded, which traded with Iceland. But after some time the Norsemen seem to have left the land, and once more darkness settled down upon it; so that when Columbus made his voyage no one knew anything of the great continent on the other side of the western sea. Columbus knew nothing of it himself, nor did he sail to find it. He thought that there were only three continents—Europe, Asia, and Africa,—and that if he sailed westward from Europe he would come in time to the eastern shores of Asia and the rich "spice islands" which, as he knew, lay near to them.

He was going, he said before he set out, "to explore the east by the west, and to pass by way of the west to the land whence come the spices." It was trade and the wealth to be won by trade which were the chief objects of his voyage.

He was born at the port of Genoa, now in the king-

dom of Italy, and he tried to get the merchants of that busy city to supply him with ships, stores, and men for his voyage. But he did not succeed. He tried also in Venice and in Lisbon, but no one would risk the money. Then he went to Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, and made known his plans to them.

They listened to him, and said that they would ask their advisers what they thought of the plan. These were mostly priests, and they said that Columbus was mad, if not wicked. They could not understand him. "If anyone *should* descend into the other hemisphere," they said, "how could he ever mount up again into this one?"

Columbus did not lose heart. For several years he worked and hoped; and at last Queen Isabella said that he should have the ships and the men he wished for, even if she had to sell her jewels to provide the money. Three small wooden ships were fitted out, though it was not easy to find men for them; and Columbus set sail across the ocean with a heart full of joy and hope.

He had no small trouble with his men. "Are there no graves in Spain," they asked, "that you should bring us *here* to perish?" For day after day passed by, and no land came in sight. At last they said that they would go no further; but Columbus was able to persuade them to promise to work the ship for a few days longer.

After this they had not long to wait. In the early morning of October 12 the sailor on the look-out called "Land! land! land!" With the first streak of dawn, the voyagers saw a small island about six miles away.



COLUMBUS ("LAND! LAND! LAND!")--T. S. GULLICK.

*(By permission of Messrs. H. Graves and Co., Limited.)*

It was one of the West Indian Islands, but Columbus, of course, thought that it lay off the coast of Asia, and that he had at last “passed by way of the west to the land whence come the spices.”

Soon figures of naked savages were seen upon the shore of the island. Columbus now made ready to land, and left his ship in one of the boats, which was rowed to the shore. He stepped out upon the beach, holding in his hand the royal banner of Spain. Then in solemn tones he took possession of the new-found land in the name of his royal master and mistress.

Such was the beginning, five hundred years ago, of the Spanish Empire in the New World, of which we shall read much in later chapters of this book.

The natives, we are told, looked with eyes of wonder on the strangers, who seemed to them to have fallen from the skies. Then they came forward timidly, and touched the clothes of the Spaniards with their fingers, as if they were not quite sure whether these men were real. Columbus spoke gently to them, and gave them presents of coloured caps and glass beads, at which, he said, “they showed great joy.”

In return, these natives gave the sailors some pretty small parrots and darts. The men were tall and well made. Their hair was coarse, and hung in front as low as their eyebrows. Some of them had their bodies painted with white and red. They did not carry arms, or even know what they were. When Columbus showed them some swords, they laid hold of them by the blades and cut their fingers.

Columbus gave the name of San Salvador—*i.e.*, Holy

Saviour—to the island on which he first landed. Once again he set sail, and, after having found other and larger islands of the West Indies, he sailed home again. The King and Queen received him with great honour, and were much pleased to see that among the products of the New World which Columbus had brought with him there was some gold.

Soon the cry of the Spaniards was “Westward ho !” Columbus himself sailed again for the West, and made other discoveries. But in his old age he fell into disfavour, and he died at the age of seventy, broken-hearted at the coldness of the King, to whose reign he had added so much glory.

But it was not only the Spaniards who flocked to the New World. A number of families from Portugal sailed across the ocean, and made new homes in South America. The French sent a few vessels, but for a time did not settle in the land. And from the English port of Bristol a famous captain sailed on a voyage of discovery. This was John Cabot, of whom we shall read in our next chapter.

#### CHAPTER IV.—JOHN CABOT'S VOYAGE.

JOHN CABOT, like Columbus himself, was an Italian who came to live in England in the reign of Henry VII., the grandfather of Queen Elizabeth. He had read in an old book of travel written by one Marco Polo that away across the ocean to the west lay “a land where all the spices of the world grew.”



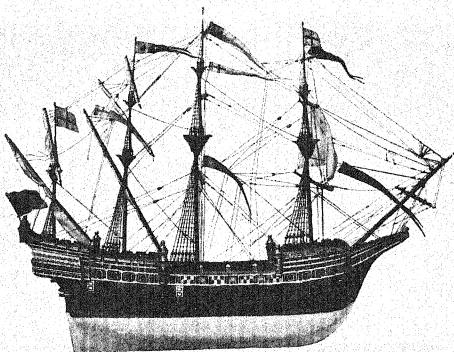
So he begged the King to supply him with a ship, money, and men. And as the sailor promised the thrifty King that he would be well repaid for his kindness, Henry persuaded some of his merchants to give Cabot what he wanted. This was five years after Columbus had led the way across the Atlantic.

“So he departed,” we read in an old book, “in a little ship from the port of Bristol, with eighteen persons who placed their fortunes with him. Passing Ireland and steering to the north-west, after having wandered enough, he came at last to mainland. There he planted the royal banner, and took possession for His Highness Henry VII., and, having made certain marks, came back.

“This Master John, as he is a foreigner and poor, would not have been believed when he came back, if his companions, who were all Englishmen and from Bristol, had not been able to bear witness to the truth of what he told. They say that the land is fertile and temperate, and they think that the red wood grows there, and the silks ; and they say that there the sea is so full of fish that they can be taken, not only with nets, but with fishing-baskets, a stone being placed in the basket to sink it into the water. And they say that they can bring so many fish from those parts that there will be a very great trade.

“But Master John says he has a greater undertaking for he thinks of going further to that part of the coast where all the spices of the world grow, and where there are also gems. In the spring, he says, if His Majesty will arm some ships and give him some men, he will go and plant a colony there.

"In this way he hopes to make London the greatest place in the world for spices. The leaders of the business are citizens of Bristol, great mariners, that now know where to go. They say that the voyage will not



MODEL OF A TUDOR SHIP, "THE GREAT HARRY."

*(By permission of the Lords of the Admiralty.)*

take more than fifteen days, if fortune is kind, after leaving Ireland."

What Cabot actually did was this: He discovered the island of Newfoundland, as well as the great cod-bank which has been such a source of wealth to many. He also discovered and mapped out the coast from Labrador to that part of America now known as

Virginia. He thought, of course, that the land he had reached was Asia, and that the spice islands would be found if he sailed farther to the south. He did not find "the land where all the spices of the world grew," but he was first to touch upon the shores of the lands we now know as Canada and the United States.

About thirty years after Cabot's voyage a French party sailed across the ocean under a captain named Jacques Cartier. He sailed up the St. Lawrence, and found near its banks rich lands which he thought would one day provide homes for French farmers. He also found that a rich trade in furs might be carried on with the Indians of those parts, and that the fisheries near the mouth of the great river were very valuable. He took possession of that part of Canada which is now known as Quebec, and gave to it the name of New France. He thought that by means of the St. Lawrence a waterway might be found to India!

Two years after his visit English traders began to settle in Newfoundland and Cape Breton Island; and before long they had started the great cod fishery on the Newfoundland shores.

Thus we find the French and British settled very near to each other in North America. As we shall see later, there was in due time a mighty struggle as to which nation was to be master of this part of the New World.

The Spaniards kept farther to the south. They found rich mines of silver and quicksilver in Mexico and in South America, and soon great numbers of them came over to get rich in a short time, and then returned

to their own country. One of the richest silver-mines was that of the mountain called Potosi, in Peru.

It is said that the silver of this mine was first found in the following manner : An Indian was chasing a wild goat up the side of the mountain, and, being in danger of falling, caught hold of a shrub. It gave way and when he looked at its roots he found that there were pieces of silver sticking to them. Soon the news of what he had found reached the ears of the Spaniards, and before long the silver-mines of Potosi were making many Spaniards wealthy men.

#### CHAPTER V.—SPAIN AND ENGLAND.

WHEN Queen Elizabeth came to the throne, the Spaniards were by far the most powerful people in the Old World and the New ; and during her reign we see how a great struggle arose between them and the English. When we read our English history, we get the idea that this struggle was about religion and about other matters which had only to do with the Old World.

But the two nations really fought for the command of the sea and for the rich trade of the Indies and America. This was the chief prize of the contest, and it is well to keep it before us in thinking of such events as, for instance, the defeat of the Spanish Armada.

The English sailors had made up their minds to have at least a share of the wealth that was being drawn from the mines of America. And the Spaniards had deter-

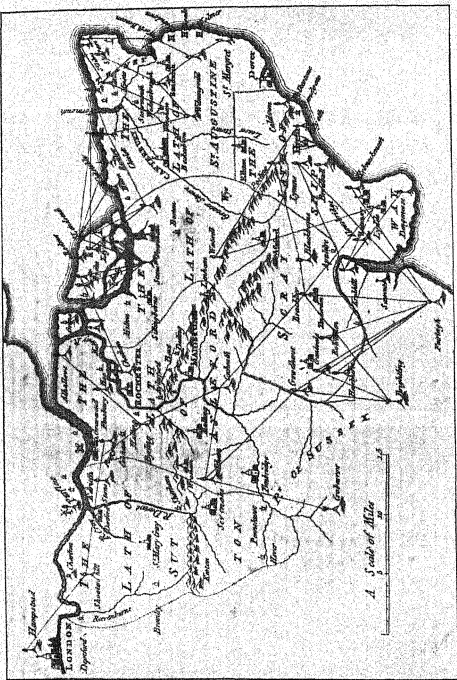
mined to keep them out of the seas which they had come to look upon as their own.

Three of the chief men who took part in the struggle with Spain were Drake, Hawkins, and Raleigh. Drake's objects were to gain wealth for himself and his Queen, and to humble the Spaniards, whom he hated as became a good Englishman of his day. Hawkins was a trader in many things, including slaves, and his chief object was the making of money, though he also took delight in doing all the harm he could to Spain.

Raleigh sought for fortune also, and hated the Spaniards as heartily as the rest ; but he had ideas which did not trouble the others greatly. He wished to found colonies for his countrymen in the lands beyond the seas. He tried and failed, as we shall see. But he was our first real Empire-builder.

Every English boy knows something of the deeds of Drake : how he beat the Spaniards again and again ; how he became rich at their expense ; how he was the first of our sailors to carry the British flag right round the world ; and how on his return he was knighted by Queen Elizabeth on the deck of his own stout little ship. He took a leading part, too, in the great fight with the Armada ; when the Spanish fleet was almost ready to invade England he sailed into the harbour of Cadiz and burnt the store-ships. This he called " singeing the King of Spain's beard," and by this act he helped to delay the sailing of the Armada for a year.

Then, when " that great fleet invincible " did at last appear in the English Channel, no one of the English captains was busier or braver than Francis Drake.



THE BEACONS IN KENT FIRED WHEN THE SPANIARDS WERE EXPECTED.

(From an old map.)

After the Armada had fled, certain stories were set about in the towns of Europe telling how the English fleet had been beaten ! Drake wrote a letter in reply, which is well worth reading :

“ They were not ashamed to publish great victories *in words* which they said they had won over this realm. But, in truth, their navy which they called “ invincible ” was by thirty of Her Majesty’s own ships and a few merchants beaten and shuffled from the Lizard to Portland, and from Portland to Calais ; from Calais they were driven by squibs from their anchors, and chased out of the sight of England round about Scotland and Ireland.

“ Here a great part of them were crushed against the rocks, and those men who landed were slain or taken. These latter were sent from village to village coupled in halters, and so to London, where Her Majesty, scorn-ing to punish them, had them sent home to tell of the great deeds of their dreadful navy !

“ With all their great boasting, they did not so much as sink or take one ship, barque, pinnace, or cockboat of ours, or even burn so much as one sheep-cote on this land.”

After this the journey Westward ho ! of the English sailors could be made with greater safety. The victory over the Armada did not give us one foot of Spanish and in America. But it cleared the seas of Spanish warships, and so helped to prepare the way for the founding of our colonies on the other side of the Atlantic ; and we may, if we wish, fix upon the year 1588 as the birth-year of our Empire over-seas.

borne generally by the whole of the coast-land of North America south of the St. Lawrence River.

In the following year, three years before the Armada came, Raleigh sent out another party to make for themselves homes in the new colony. These men were under the command of Sir Richard Grenville, who was afterwards to win himself an everlasting name in his fight with the Spaniards on board the *Revenge*. But after a while Grenville came home again, and the colony was left in charge of a man named John Lane.

The colonists do not seem to have wished to settle down in their new homes and make their position secure by farming the land. They wished to grow rich quickly, and they spent a great deal of their time in a vain search for gold. They also hoped to make their way across America, which they thought was very narrow, and so reach the rich lands of Eastern Asia.

The Indians, who were not well pleased to find the white men trying to make homes in their land, told them that if they went up a certain river they would soon come to the western shore of America. Lane believed them, and set out with a small party; but long before they got near the head of the river they were in danger of starvation, and were forced to return. They reached their friends just in time to prevent them being murdered by the Indians.

Soon the colonists had a visitor, who was no less a person than Francis Drake. He had come to find out how his countrymen were getting on, and they were so little pleased with their new home, that they went back to England with him.



It is said that Lane was the first to bring tobacco into England ; and every boy and girl knows the story of Raleigh and his pipe. The first pipes were made by using a walnut-shell for the bowl and a straw for the stem.

In spite of what had happened, Raleigh did not lose heart, but set to work to send out another party of colonists. This time he sent women and children as well as men, and at the head of them was a man named John White, who was an artist. Shortly after these people reached Virginia a girl baby was born, who was called Virginia.

After a time White went back to England on a visit, and when he returned he found that the colony was no longer in existence. The people had either been killed by the Indians or had taken to the wild life of the woods. Many years afterwards a small number of them were found living in an Indian camp.

After this Raleigh gave up the attempt to found a colony in Virginia. He was at the time very busy in making preparations for the fight with the Armada, in which he took his share, like a brave gentleman as he was.

At a later date we find him in South America, engaged in the search for "El Dorado," the golden city or country of which strange stories were afloat at the time. He had many adventures, of which he tells us in a book that he wrote on his return, named "The Discovery of Guiana." But he did not find the golden city of his dreams, though he added a great deal to what men already knew of that part of the world.



SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

The country he saw was a fair one, with a fertile soil, and full of the promise of wealth, and at the end of his little book he tells of the charms of the land.

“There is no country,” he writes, “which yieldeth more pleasure to the people for these common delights

of hunting, hawking, fishing, fowling, and the rest, than Guiana does. It hath so many plains, clear rivers, abundance of pheasants, partridges, quails, cranes, herons, and all other fowl ; deer of all sorts, porks, hares, lions, tigers, leopards, and divers other sorts of beasts, either for chase or food. Moreover, the country is so healthful, that of one hundred persons and more, we lost not any one, nor had one sick to my knowledge."

Then Raleigh goes on to urge the Queen to take over these lands and settle colonists there—"soldiers and gentlemen that are younger brethren." This was not done, but in after-years a portion of the country of which Raleigh writes did come to form part of our Empire under the name of British Guiana.

#### CHAPTER VII.—ELIZABETH AND THE GREAT MOGUL.

As we have seen, the Portuguese were the first people of Europe to reach India by sea, and before long they were firmly established at many places on the coast. But they soon lost hold on many of these places ; for the Dutch, at that time one of the leading seafaring nations of Europe, sought for a share in the spice trade of the Far East, and so successful were they that they were able to turn the Portuguese out of many of their most important settlements.

They also sent a ship's doctor named Van Riebeck with a number of people to found a Dutch colony at the Cape of Good Hope. This was to form a place of

call, a kind of halfway house for Dutch sailors on the way to India. The people set to work to farm the land not far from the Cape, and before long they were able to provide the ships that called with provisions and wine. But these things were not to be sold to the sailors of other nations.

Before long the French and English were also seeking a share in the rich trade with India and the Far East ; and in the reign of Elizabeth an event happened which we may regard as the founding of our Indian Empire. A number of English merchants joined together to form what came to be known as the East India Company. Their purpose was to trade with this part of the world, and they had at first no wish to add any portion of the land of India to the Queen's dominions.

But before they could trade with the people of India leave had to be asked of the monarch who lived at Delhi, and who was known as the Great Mogul. So the Queen sent out to India a gentleman named Sir Thomas Roe, who was to make known her wishes to the Indian Prince.

This gentleman wrote in his journal a full description of all that happened while he was in India. He tells of the Court of the Mogul, and the daily *darbar* at which the monarch sat on his throne to receive presents and petitions, and to give orders. He also describes the daily life of the Mogul, and the method of using elephants to put prisoners to death.

When his turn came he presented his petition. He asked that English merchants might have the right to trade in all parts of India, and promised in return

that their servants would be at all times ready to help the Mogul against his enemies.

After a time Sir Thomas was brought in again to the presence of the monarch, who showed that he meant to favour him by giving him his own portrait set in gold. Now, it was the custom for anyone who was thus favoured by the Emperor to kneel down and put his head to the ground in humble thanks and reverence.

But such a method of giving thanks was too humble for the messenger of Queen Elizabeth; and, to the amazement of the King's courtiers, he kept his feet, and gave thanks for the favour as a free-born Englishman should. The Emperor was satisfied with this, though his servants were, or pretended to be, very angry at the Englishman's want of proper humility.

Leave was granted, then, to the East India Company to carry on their trade, and a station or "factory" was set up at Surat, on the west coast. The factors or traders sent out natives into the country to bring in the silk, spices, and precious stones, and then these were shipped to England and other countries.

In this way we gained a footing in the land which many years afterwards was to be under our rule. At about the same time, as we have already noted, the French also began to trade with India. We must remember this very carefully, for, as we shall see, there was afterwards a great struggle between French and British to decide who was to be master of India.

## CHAPTER VIII.—CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH.

WE have now reached the time of James I., the Scottish King who, in 1603, became the first ruler of Great Britain and Ireland. During his reign a great deal was done towards founding a new British nation on the other side of the Atlantic.

Three years after he came to the throne a little company of colonists set out for Virginia. They sailed in three small ships, named the *Susan Constant*, the *God-speed*, and the *Discovery*. This was really the founding of the great United States nation, and the names of the vessels are well worth remembering.

For six weeks the little ships were tossed about by storms almost within sight of the English coast, and it was four months before they reached the shores of North America. They came to the new land in the fresh spring-time, and sailed up a wide stream, which they called the James River, in honour of their King. The banks of the river were gay with red and white blossoms, and the sight cheered the hearts of the travellers, who said that "heaven and earth had made this a country in which to live."

They selected for their settlement a small peninsula, and having set up their huts they gave to the place the name of Jamestown. But they had little food with them, and the Indians troubled them greatly. Most of them were quite unfit for the hardships which they had to face, and many fell sick and died.

One of the colonists was Captain John Smith, to

whose courage and resource the rest owed a great deal. He traded with some of the Indians for corn, and so saved the lives of many of his people. He was never idle, and when things began to improve in the little colony, he set out to explore the country round about.

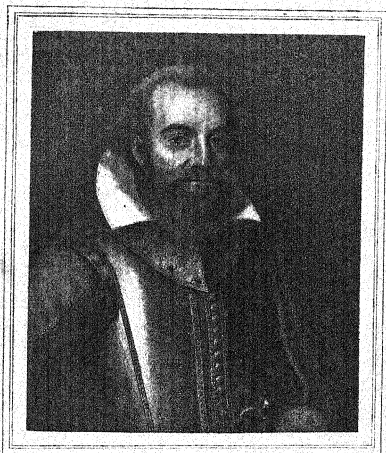
He and his friends thought that America was very narrow, and he therefore sailed up one of the rivers to find a way to China. He did not find it. At one place he left his two companions in charge of the boat while he went on farther. Down came a party of Indians, killed the men, and then ran after Smith, whom they caught in a bog. They made him a prisoner, and marched him from village to village to show him to their friends.

They treated him with great respect, and fed him well. But Smith thought they were fattening him up to eat him, and did not therefore have a very good appetite. After a while he found that he was wrong, for the Indian chief, who was named Powhatan, set him free.

Smith afterwards said that the Indians wished to kill him, but that his life was saved by Pocahontas, the chief's daughter, who flung herself between the murderers and their victim. The story is very pretty, but is now thought to be untrue.

At all events, Smith got back to his people, who were very glad to see him. He was the only man among them who could manage the Indians and get them to sell some of their corn, as the following story will show :

In the hope of making Powhatan friendly to the colonists, presents were sent to him, consisting of a crown, a bedstead, a fine scarlet robe, and a wash-



CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH.

basin. But this had a bad effect, for the chief now thought himself such a great man that he would not sell any more corn.

Then Smith went to see him, and showed him some



blue glass beads. These, he said, could not be sold to him because they were made of the same substance as the blue sky, and were only to be worn by the greatest rulers of the earth. This made the chief very eager to get the beads, and Smith obtained a large boat-load of corn for his few glass beads.

Once again Smith set out on his travels, and he explored the shores of Chesapeake Bay. On this journey he and his men suffered greatly from hunger, thirst, and cold. At more than one place the Indians received him with showers of arrows, and had to be driven off with firearms, of which they had a very wholesome terror.

Now, certain of the Indians wished very much to get some of these firearms and use them in their own wars. Pistols and powder were stolen a few times from Smith's men, and the leader had to punish some of the thieves very severely. One of them stole a bag of gunpowder, and finding it wet, placed it in an iron vessel to dry over a hot fire. It soon dried very well indeed, and then the thief was treated to a fire-work display which cured him of his thieving.

After paying a visit to England, Smith came back and explored a great portion of the coast to the north of the old settlement. This part of North America came to be known as New England, and Smith did his best when he got back to persuade the people of Old England to plant a colony there. But he had no success, for though he did at last set out in a vessel for America, he was made a prisoner by some French sailors who were roving the sea to prey upon the

merchant ships plying between the Old World and the New.

In time he got back again to England, but he did not try to plant another colony. After a time, however, he had the satisfaction of seeing a settlement made in New England. Of this we shall read in a later chapter.

#### CHAPTER IX.—HENRY HUDSON.

IN the same year that Captain John Smith set out for Virginia a brave captain named Henry Hudson left London to try to find a way to China by sailing round the North of Europe. His ship, named the *Hopewell*, was very small, and he had a crew of only ten men.

Of course he found that the way to India and China was not by the Arctic Sea. But he sailed into seas unknown before, and went farther north than had yet been reached by any man. He also found whales in those northern seas ; and after this voyage the whale fishery was started by British merchants, many of whom became very rich from the sale of the oil and bone.

Two years later Hudson entered the service of some Dutch merchants, and sailed across the Atlantic to North America. He hoped to find a passage through that great land which would bring him by a short route to the coasts of Asia.

He sailed along the coast to the north of Jamestown, where Smith's party had settled, and at last

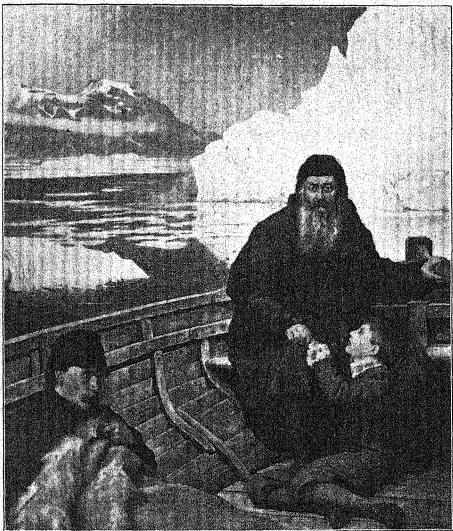
came to the mouth of a great river, which was named, after him, the Hudson. The place seemed to him "a good land to fall in with, and a pleasant land to see—as pleasant with grass and flowers as ever we have seen, and very sweet smells."

Such was the explorer's first impression of the great harbour of New York. On the banks of the river he found the camps of Indians, and some of the Red Men came to his ship dressed in fur robes and mantles made of feathers. There was a little fighting at first, and Hudson lost a man. But after a while he was able to trade with some of the Indians, bartering cheap trinkets for shell-fish and corn.

Of course Hudson thought that by following the river he would before long come to the shore of the great Pacific Ocean. On the way upstream he met other Indians, some of whom were very friendly, and brought tobacco, corn, and pumpkins to sell to his men.

Farther up the river Hudson landed, and went to visit the hut of the chief of an Indian tribe, who begged him to stay to a meal. The captain sat down on the mat before the chief's bark-house and ate his meal of corn from a bowl of red-wood. His hosts wished him to stay all night, and to show that they did not mean to harm him, they broke their arrows and threw them into the fire.

As Hudson went on up the river he found that it became shallower, and before long made up his mind that this was not the way to the Pacific Ocean. So he turned back and sailed once more across the Atlantic to Holland. As soon as he had told what he had seen



HENRY HUDSON SENT ADrift BY HIS CRUEL SAILORS.

*(From the painting by the Hon. J. Collier, by kind permission of the artist.)*

on his voyage the Dutch sent out men, who planted a colony at the mouth of the Hudson River, which they named New Amsterdam. We shall hear of this place again.

In the following year Hudson sailed once more for America ; but this time he kept farther to the north, hoping to find a way to Asia round the north of the continent. Englishmen like Martin Frobisher, of Queen Elizabeth's time, had already tried to find what came to be known as the North-West Passage, but had not been successful. Hudson also failed in his purpose, but he made many discoveries on the northern shore of North America, and gave his name to Hudson Bay.

In this bay the captain spent the winter, and his crew suffered greatly from sickness and hunger. When warmer weather came the provisions on the ship came to an end. With tears in his eyes, the brave sailor handed to each man his share of the last loaf in the vessel.

His men now wished to return to England, having suffered enough in the winter through which they had just passed. So they seized their captain, his son, and a few sailors who stood by Hudson, put them on board a boat without arms or provisions, and left them to the cruel mercy of the winds and waves. Then they set sail once more for England.

On the way home some of the leaders in the plot against Hudson were killed by Indians, from whom they tried to get supplies of food. Others died of sickness, and so weak were the other sailors on the return

voyage, that they were forced to sit down to steer the vessel. At last they gave up hope of ever seeing England again, and lay down on the deck to die. But a homeward-bound ship came by and took them off.

They were so weak and ill when they reached home, that no means were taken to bring them to trial for what they had done to their captain. It was given out that Hudson had been "lost in the discovery of the North-West."

#### CHAPTER X.—THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

IN the reign of James I. there were many people in the country who did not like the services of the Church of England, to which they were forced to go by law. At last a number of them who lived in Lincolnshire, with others in the North, made up their minds to leave England and go to Holland, where they would be free to worship as they pleased.

The first time they tried to start they were stopped by the magistrates; the second time their wives and children were seized just as they were getting into the ship. At last the magistrates, "glad to be rid of them at any price," gave them leave to go; and after awhile they settled down in the Dutch town of Leyden, where they lived for some years. But most of them having been farm-labourers, they did not like living in a town, and they found it hard to earn a living there.

So they began to think of finding a home in the New World, where they would be free to worship in their own way, and yet be under the King of Great Britain.

A number of them therefore came back to England, and then started out in two small vessels for their new home. One ship proved to be unseaworthy, and put back. The other, called the *Mayflower*, with about a hundred men, women, and children on board, started on the voyage.

They met with many fierce storms on the way, and more than once they began to fear that the *Mayflower* would never reach the end of the voyage. But at last they came in sight of the coast, and having anchored the ship in a bay, sent a party off in an open boat to find a convenient landing-place.

As the search party rowed along the coast snow began to fall thickly; the spray from the rough sea wetted them to the skin, and then froze until their clothes were like suits of iron.

But they set their faces to their task, and at last found a sheltered harbour, to which Captain John Smith's party had given the name of Plymouth Bay many years before (see p. 39). They returned to the *Mayflower* with the welcome tidings that they had discovered a good place for their settlement. Soon a landing was made, and the men set to work to build log-huts to shelter their families from the bitter weather.

After a hard winter a dreadful sickness broke out among them, of which many died. When summer came only about half the men who had landed were left alive. Yet when the *Mayflower* set sail for England and they had one last chance of going back to Europe, not one of them took advantage of it.

Bravely the little company struggled on. They had to face long and severe winters, sickness, famine, and the danger of attack from the Indians. Just as the Jamestown settlers had been helped and cheered by Captain John Smith, the people of this new colony were helped by a soldier who was named Captain Myles Standish.

He managed the Indians well, and bought corn for the colony. But there was a good deal of fighting before the settlers felt that their new home was somewhat secure. At one time, it is said, an Indian chief sent to Standish a serpent's skin filled with arrows as a challenge of war. The ready soldier at once took the matter into his own hands, though his companions were eager to keep peace with the Indians. He said :

"Leave this matter to me, for to me by right it pertaineth.

War is a terrible trade, but in the cause that is righteous

Sweet is the smell of powder ; and thus I answer the challenge !"

Then from the rattlesnake's skin, with a sudden contemptuous gesture,

Jerking the Indian arrows, he filled it with powder and bullets,

Full to the very jaws, and handed it back to the savage,

Saying in thundering tones, ' Here, take it ! this is your answer !'

Silently out of the room then glided the glistening savage,

Bearing the serpent's skin, and seeming himself like a serpent,

Winding his sinuous way in the dark to the depths of the forest."

The Indian chief knew very well what was meant by the skin filled with powder and bullets. And his people were so much afraid of the firearms of the white men, that for the time they kept the peace.

Standish knew, however, that it was only by careful watching that the colony could be kept in safety. He



trained the men of the settlement to be ready to fight for their homes, and a guard was kept every night. They put cannon on the roof of their meeting-house, and when they went to church they took their guns with them.

In ten years the New Plymouth colony numbered three hundred, and as time went on the number grew. From these colonists are descended many of the people of the New England States of North America.

## CHAPTER XI.—WILLIAM PENN.

KING JAMES I. died five years after the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers in America. His son Charles succeeded him, and during his time there was a great war in England between the King's party, known as the Cavaliers, and the Parliament men, who were nicknamed Roundheads.

During this Civil War, as it was called, the thoughts of the people of England were not greatly taken up with the founding of colonies overseas. They had to settle who was to be master, the King or the Parliament. But when the fighting was over and Oliver Cromwell became Lord Protector, we find that several events took place of which we must here take note.

We have seen how the Dutch made a settlement, which they called New Amsterdam, at the mouth of the Hudson River. They had also settlements in the East Indies and India, and in time they became the great

rivals of our own country upon the sea. They founded a Dutch trading colony in the great island of Java, to the south-east of Asia, and sent home large quantities of spices and other produce of the tropics. In the reign of Charles I. a Dutch captain named Tasman left this colony, and sailed in the seas to the south of it. He discovered a large island, to which he gave the name of Van Diemen's Land, after the governor of the Dutch colony in Java. This name was afterwards changed to Tasmania. So that the Dutch were the first to make discoveries in the great land of Australia, which is now part of our Empire.

We had many a fight with the Dutch about the time of our Great Civil War, and the quarrel seemed to be now about one thing, now about another. But the real question between the two nations was, who was to have the mastery of the sea, or, in other words, who was to have the greatest share of the oversea trade with India and America.

When Oliver Cromwell became Protector, we were at war with the Dutch ; and on one occasion the Dutch Admiral, Van Tromp, sailed down the Channel with a broom at his masthead, as a sign that he had swept the English ships from the seas. But Blake, the great soldier who became also one of our greatest admirals, defeated them ; and Cromwell was able to make an honourable peace.

Blake also fought bravely against the Spaniards when Oliver Cromwell was Protector, and in this war we won an important part of our Empire. This was the island of Jamaica, in the West Indies, which was taken

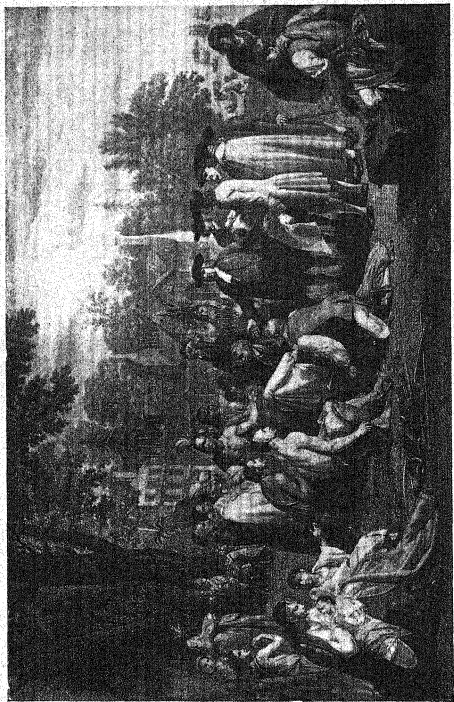
from Spain by the Commonwealth admiral. Numbers of Scotch, Irish, and English people were sent over to the island, and the plantations of sugar, cotton, and spices in due time yielded very great wealth.

One of the officers who had a foremost share in the capture of Jamaica was Admiral William Penn. He had a son named after him, who became a famous man in our colonial history.

William Penn the younger was educated at Oxford, and when Charles II. came to the throne he was, like his father, a foremost figure at the Court. But after a time he joined the Quakers, who hated all war and strife, and had many ideas strange and distasteful to the people of the time. Penn's father was very angry, and turned his son out of doors. The young man then began to preach, and was imprisoned in the Tower. From this place he was set free by the Duke of York, the King's brother; and Penn then went on several journeys, preaching wherever he went, and trying to convert people to the Quaker rule.

Then he began to think that the best thing he and his Quaker friends could do would be to go across the ocean to America and found new homes. There they could live at peace and worship as they pleased. The British Government owed Penn a large sum of money; and to set free this debt King Charles gave Penn a great tract of land on the west side of the Delaware River. This was named Pennsylvania in honour of the Admiral.

To this place Penn sent some colonists, and before long he crossed the ocean himself, and founded the



PENN'S TREATY WITH THE INDIANS, 1681.

city of Philadelphia, the name of which means "brotherly love." He made the laws of his colony such that no one was to be troubled because of his religion.

Penn dealt justly and kindly with the Indians. A meeting took place between him and the chiefs under a large elm. There was but a handful of Quakers, and in the woods around were numerous savages, all armed and fierce in their war-paint. A treaty was drawn up between Penn and the Indians, who swore to be the friends of the colonists and to do them no harm.

Before long Penn's colony grew and prospered, and now the city of Philadelphia is one of the most important in the United States.

In the reign of Charles II., during a war with the Dutch, our troops captured New Amsterdam, at the mouth of the River Hudson, as well as the Dutch settlement of New Orange, about a hundred and fifty miles from the mouth of the river. The district was granted by the King to his brother James, Duke of York and Albany, and the names of the two places were at once changed to New York and Albany. After awhile the Dutch took New York again, but it was given back to the British when peace was made between the two nations.

Meanwhile other settlements were being made along the Atlantic coasts, and soon the whole of the seaboard from Florida to New England was in the hands of the British, though there were also many Dutch, Germans, and French among the colonists.

We can connect the growth of these colonies with many events which happened in our own home history. For example, when King Charles I. was put to death, a large number of Royalists left our country and settled in Virginia. At a later time certain laws were made which pressed heavily upon the people of Ulster ; and large numbers of them crossed the Atlantic to find new homes in the American colonies.

## CHAPTER XII.—LIFE IN THE AMERICAN COLONIES.

THE natives of our American colonies were, of course, the Red Indians. We have seen that the settlers had a great deal of trouble with these people, as was to be expected ; for the white man, or “paleface,” as the Indian called him, had come to take away the land from the native-born. So there were many wars and massacres before it was at last settled that the white man was to be master of the continent.

The Red Indian of the time was a savage, but he had many qualities which won the respect of the white settlers. He was brave and intelligent, and the legends of his race show us that the spirit of poetry was strong in these wild people of the prairies and the forests.

Indian houses, known as wigwams, were tents of bark or mats supported on poles. A few mats and skins served as bedding, and the cooking-pots were, as a rule,

made from blocks of wood hollowed out with shells or sharp stones ; some tribes, however, made them of earthenware. Those who used the wooden pots filled them with water, and then threw in heated stones. When the water was hot, the stones were taken out and the food put in.

Most of the Indians made their clothing from the skin of the deer. But when the " brave " was engaged in war or following the chase, he wore very little clothing indeed. He was a terrible figure in his " war-paint," which was applied to his face in stripes, spots, and splashes of bright colours. Sometimes he wore bears' or hawks' claws dangling from his ears. He fought with bow and arrow or war-club. He also carried a stone axe or tomahawk, with which he cut off the scalp from his dead or dying foe. When the white men came, the great desire of his heart was to get for himself a rifle and powder and a tomahawk of steel. Powder he thought at first was seed, which, if planted, would produce the powder plant.

" Both men and women adorned themselves with beads which were made from shells. They were known as ' wampum,' and were made into belts, necklaces, and bracelets. Wampum belts were sent from tribe to tribe with solemn messages. They were used in making peace and calling upon allied nations to join in a war.

" When the white people opened a trade with the Indians, wampum was used for small change, and beaver-skins for large money. As there were few small coins in the country, wampum also passed for money

among the white people, and was for a long time almost the only small change in New York and elsewhere. When the plate was passed in church, nothing was put in but shell beads."\*

On the water the Indian used the canoe, which was sent along by means of paddles. Some of the tribes used a tree-trunk, which was hollowed out with fire. Others built their canoes of birch bark attached to a wooden framework, and caulked with gum.

When the colonists first settled in America, they built very rough wooden houses, and some had to live in holes made in the earth. But as time went on, they made better houses, with windows, in which oiled paper was at first used instead of glass.

The furniture was very rough and ready, and the table utensils were mostly of wood, except in the homes of the richest settlers, who had brought the family plate from their homes across the sea. The stove was large, and the chimney so wide that sometimes the little ones sitting by the fire in the evening could look up and watch the stars through the broad opening of the chimney.

The workmen wore clothes made of deerskin or leather. But the richer men had fine clothes, knee-breeches, embroidered coats, three-cornered hats, and ruffles brought out from England. The ladies, too, dressed very finely in embroidered skirts, rich laces, and snowy ruffs and caps.

The people spent most of their time in the open air, and there was hunting and fishing for all who cared to

\* Eggleston's "The United States and its People."



take part in these exercises. Some of the white colonists ceased to live in the settled parts, and took to a life in the woods, where they joined the Indians in roving from place to place. Boys and girls who wish to know how the adventurous life was lived ought to read the fine stories of James Fenimore Cooper.

One of the chief crops raised in the colonies was tobacco, which was first grown by John Rolfe, who married the Indian girl Pocahontas (see p. 40). At one time tobacco was used as money. Carolina and Georgia took to growing rice, and before long this grain was raised in great quantities. Indigo was also grown, as well as Indian corn or maize. Cotton was another most important crop, but was not very largely grown until a machine called the cotton-gin was invented, which took the seeds out of the cotton down. Then the plantations of cotton increased at a great rate.

On the rice, cotton, and tobacco plantations, which were mostly in the southern colonies, large numbers of black people from Africa worked as slaves. Some of them were well cared for, and were very happy; but others were treated by their masters as if they were dogs or cattle—often, indeed, not so well.

Many of the customs of the colonists, especially those of New England, are very interesting. A liar or swearer was dealt with by law. People were punished for staying away from church. All work was to cease at sunset on Saturday. Sunday was kept very strictly. No one was allowed even to take a walk.

In the church the boys and girls were kept in order by men who carried rods, and did not hesitate to use

them. Even the grown-up people were reminded that the church was not a place in which to doze. In some places a man walked about with a stick which had a ball tied to one end and the tail of a fox to the other. If a man were found sleeping, he was tapped with the ball. If a woman forgot her duty in this way, the fox-tail was brushed over her face.

### CHAPTER XIII. — THE FRENCH IN AMERICA.

WE have already seen how the French had a share in opening out the New World. In the reign of our Henry VIII. a French explorer named Jacques Cartier tried to find, as so many had done, a westward route to China, and came to the shores of Labrador. So barren was the new land that he had found that he thought it was the country which was given to Cain (see Genesis, chap. iv.), and of which God said, "When thou tillest the ground, it shall not henceforth yield unto thee her strength."

He also sailed in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, but did not go up the great river until his second voyage, in the following year. When he came to Quebec, the Indians dressed some of their men like devils in order to frighten him. But he pushed on to a small Indian settlement which was situated where the great city of Montreal now stands.

The newly-discovered country was called New France, but it was sixty years before a French colony was planted in this part of America. In the year

following that in which Captain John Smith came to Jamestown a great Frenchman named Samuel Champlain founded the city of Quebec, which became the centre of a busy trade with the Indians of the North-West.

Champlain earned for himself the name of "the father of Canada." He gave his life to the setting up of a new French nation on the other side of the Atlantic, and though he did not belong to our own country, we ought to remember him with admiration along with our own great "founders of Empire."

When the French were settled on the St. Lawrence, they sent explorers to the west, south, and south-east. One of the boldest of these, named La Salle, discovered the Ohio River, and then, after great exertions, reached the mouth of the Mississippi. After this the French laid claim to the whole of the basin of this great river, and the British were confined to the lands nearer the Atlantic seaboard.

When La Salle had reached the mouth of the Mississippi, he called the newly-discovered land Louisiana, after the King of France, Louis XIV. Afterwards a town bearing the name of New Orleans was founded near the mouth of the great river. A number of forts were built to connect as with a chain Canada and Louisiana, and the French won over or bought the support of Indian tribes in the valley of the great river.

Thus we have the French holding the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi, the two great waterways into the heart of the New World. It seemed as though they might in time drive the British colonists into the sea.



KING LOUIS XIV. OF FRANCE.

Louis XIV., the King of France, of whom we shall hear more in a later chapter, wished very much to set up a great French Empire in the New World. He gave large grants of land to officers who had served him in his wars in Europe. His officers chose some of the best French peasants, and sent them from Dieppe or Rochelle across the ocean to till the soil of New France. They also chose numbers of French women, and sent them out to be married to the settlers, so that they would all feel that they had indeed won new homes and be content to stay in them.

These people farmed the land, and lived in every way like the peasant farmers of Old France. But at first the chief wealth of the colonies lay in the fur trade of the North-West. The trappers lived with the Indians on the shores of Lake Superior, and even farther to the north-west, and sent the furs to the stations from which they were shipped to France.

We have a charming picture of a French village in the New World in the first part of Longfellow's well-known poem, "Evangeline." This poem shows us how the French lived in Acadia, which afterwards became a British province under the name of Nova Scotia, as we shall see later. Evangeline's village was that of Grand Pré, and is thus described :

"There in the midst of its farms reposed the Acadian village.  
Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak and of chestnut,  
Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign of the Henries.  
Thatched were the roofs, with dormer windows ; and gables  
projecting  
Over the basement below protected and shaded the doorway.

There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when brightly the sunset  
Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes of the chimneys,  
Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and in kirtles  
Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning the golden  
Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles within doors  
Mingled their sound with the whirr of the wheels and the songs  
of the maidens.

Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and the children  
Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to bless them.  
Reverend walked he among them ; and up rose matrons and  
maidens,

Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate welcome.  
Then came the labourers home from the field, and serenely the  
sun sank

Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon from the belfry  
Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of the village  
Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending,  
Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and contentment."

James, Duke of York, who became King of Great Britain after the death of King Charles II., ruled so badly that he was forced to leave England. He took refuge with Louis XIV. of France, and William, Prince of Orange, became our King in his place. Louis XIV. wished to make himself master of the whole of Western Europe, and he fought many great wars, which caused untold misery to his people and to the other nations of the Continent. But William III. opposed him, and spent the greater part of his life in trying to defeat his plans.

These two great rulers fought again and again in Europe. But there was another matter which the French and British had to settle which had little to do with the countries on this side of the Atlantic. This

was, who was to be master in America. So while the fighting was going on in Europe there was war also in America. And we are now to see how this great struggle went on and how it ended.

#### CHAPTER XIV.—FRENCH AND ENGLISH IN THE BACKWOODS.

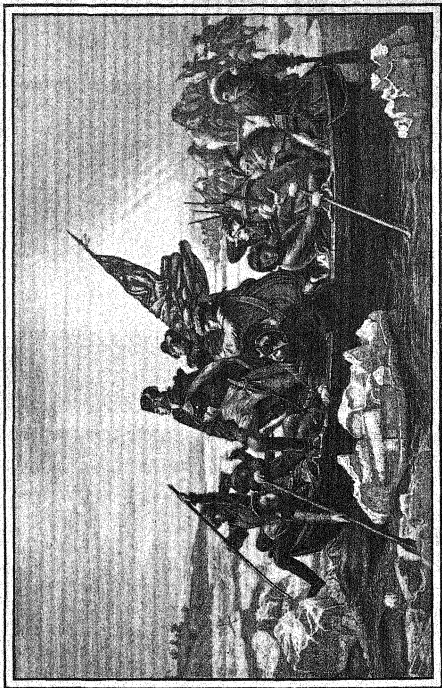
IN the upper valley of the Ohio the French built a fort, which they named, after one of their officers, Fort Duquesne.\* This was only one of their posts in this river valley, but it was one round which a great many important events took place.

The French began fort-building in this river valley in order to prevent the British from pushing westward from the coast. And when it was plain to the British colonists what the French intended, they began to take steps to spoil their plans.

They sent out a young man named George Washington, a Major in the colonial army, to tell the French that the land to which they laid claim was under the rule of King George II. of Great Britain. Washington was only twenty-one at the time, but his bravery and wisdom had already been proved many times.

Washington took with him a small party of men who knew the ways of the backwoods and the ways of the Indians who lived in them. Their path led them through many miles of rough woodland. The season was early winter, and they pressed on through the heavy

\* Where Pittsburg now stands.



WASHINGTON CROSSING THE DELAWARE.

*(From an engraving after F. Leutze.)*



rains till they came, near the end of the year, to one of the French forts, for whose commander Washington carried a letter.

This letter informed the French that they were on British ground, and asked them politely to retire. This they refused to do. A letter was written to that effect, and given to Washington to carry back with him. Leaving one of his party to come on with the horses, baggage, and servants, Washington set out on the return journey with only one companion.

The letter which he carried, and the return journey through the winter woods are famous alike in history. A great struggle was at hand, and the first steps had been taken.

There was no path through the forest for the two messengers. The snow lay deep in the clearings and upon the twining branches of the lofty trees. The streams were now swollen with the floods, now frozen hard by the keen blasts of winter. There were dangers from lurking Red Men, and at one place an Indian fired at Washington from behind a tree. The man was caught, his arms were tied behind his back, and he was forced to march on before the two travellers, lest he should tell his friends where the white men were.

In due time they came to the Alleghany River, and found that, a thaw having set in, the stream was full of blocks of moving ice. With great trouble they made a raft, and upon it set out across the broad stream. When it was about halfway over, a great mass of ice swept down upon it, and Washington was thrown into the freezing water.

His companion helped him out, and he was in a very sad state. When night fell a keen frost set in, and the two men's clothes were frozen till they were like suits of armour. They took shelter on an island in mid-stream, and when morning came they were able to get to the other side of the river. On they went once more through the trackless forest, facing dangers of many kinds with stout hearts. And at last, weary and worn, they reached the houses of some backwood settlers. Here Washington was able to hire a horse and get fresh clothes. Then he rode forward with his letter to the governor who had sent him on his dangerous errand.

A colonial army was now got together to march west upon Fort Duquesne, and Washington was to go with it as major. At the head of his company of only one hundred and fifty men, he set out to make his way across the Alleghany range, and had covered half the journey when word was brought to him, that the French were on the way to meet him.

Washington, with about forty of his men and with an Indian as guide, pushed on, and found a party of French soldiers in a hollow. The major gave the order to fire, and the French guns replied. The French officer was killed, and his men were made prisoners. The great colonial war had begun.

Washington's party then fell back upon the main body, and preparations were made to hold out against a French attack. The enemy came up in force, and soon the fight was raging. It went on for nine hours, and during the whole time rain fell in torrents.

The men were up to their knees in water and mud ;

their bread was all eaten, and they had only meat to feed upon. Yet they fought bravely and without a thought of giving in. At times so heavy was the rain that the fighters could not see each other.

At last Washington's powder and shot was finished. Nearly a hundred of his men lay dead. The French offered to cease firing if he gave in, and with a heavy heart he agreed to do so, but only if he and his men were to be allowed to go free. This was agreed to, and the little band of sad-hearted men set out for home again across the mountains. They had done their best, however, and the governor thanked Washington for his brave attempt.

But after this the French were for the time masters of the backwoods. The war began badly for the British, and, as we shall see in a later chapter, they were to suffer yet greater loss. But in the end victory, full and complete, fell to their lot.

#### CHAPTER XV.—THE DEFENCE OF ARCOT.

IN the reign of Queen Elizabeth, as we saw in Chapter VII. of this book, the English gained a footing in India. But they came as peaceful traders, not as conquerors, under the name of the East India Company. Other nations of Europe—the Portuguese, Dutch, and French—were also eager to trade with India and win wealth thereby. And in time, as might have been expected, we came into conflict with them.

India was at that time crowded with people. These

native races were in many ways different from the people of our own land and the lands of Western Europe. But they were by no means savages like the Red Men of America or the Maoris of New Zealand.

They tilled the land and raised large crops of rice and corn and other things. They were clever at making goods of many kinds, some of them of wonderful beauty. Many of them were traders, and carried on commerce not only with their neighbours, but with people of lands some distance away. They had many great cities, with splendid palaces, temples, and tombs, and among them were numbers of learned men and great thinkers, writers, and poets.

For many years the East India Company made no attempt to obtain land or power in India, except such as they needed for trading purposes. They bought small pieces of land from native rulers in various places, on which to set up their trading stations. But they had no desire at first to rule any part of the country.

In the reign of King Charles I. the Company bought some land at what is now Madras, and built a fort there to protect their trading station. When Charles II. married a Princess of Portugal, the island of Bombay was given with her as a wedding present. Then, in the time of William III., a fort was built by the Company on one of the mouths of the great River Ganges, in order to protect another trading station or "factory." Round this fort sprang up in time the great city of Calcutta.

For a long time these three places were our chief stations in India—Madras, Bombay, and Calcutta.

And when George II. came to the throne, this was almost all of India over which we bore rule.

It seems to have been the French who first thought of winning an empire in India.

There was a man named Dupleix, who was governor of a French settlement near Madras. He saw that it would not be very hard for a clever man, with good soldiers under him, to win great power in India. For that country was not united under one ruler, like Britain or France.

It was divided into many different parts, peopled by various races, and it had been overrun from time to time by invaders from the north-west, where lies the "land-gate" to India through the mountains. The leader of one of these invading bands had almost succeeded in bringing India under one ruler. This was a Prince who made his capital at Delhi and took a title which we give in English as the Great Mogul.

But after awhile he lost much of his power. He set officers over various parts of the land, but they did what they liked; and many of them made themselves rulers quite independent of the Mogul.

Dupleix made friends with some of these Princes, with the idea of gaining power and wealth for himself. He had very few French soldiers to help him in working out his plans. But he found it easy to drill some of the natives, and made very good soldiers of them. These native fighting-men came to be known as Sepoys.

With these soldiers at his command Dupleix taught the people of the South of India, if not to respect, at

least to fear the French. On the other hand, they thought little of the British. But suddenly a young English clerk in Madras spoilt all the great plans of Dupleix and founded the British Empire in India.

This was Robert Clive, a native of Market Drayton, in Shropshire. As a boy he was idle and daring, the ringleader in all the boyish pranks of his schoolmates. One day he climbed to the top of the lofty steeple of the church and seated himself on a stone spout. Meanwhile a crowd of people stood below, expecting every moment to see him dashed to pieces.

But he came safely down, and was soundly whipped by his father. When his school-days were over he found it hard to settle down to useful work, and at last his father, in despair and disgust, shipped him off to India as a clerk in the service of the Company.

The young fellow was so lonely and miserable at first, that he tried to shoot himself. But when the pistol, which he snapped at his own head twice, failed to go off, he felt that he was meant to do something great with his life. So he made up his mind to put his heart into his work.

When he was about twenty-five years old the Company began to grow alarmed at the doings of Dupleix, so they called upon those of their clerks who were willing to become soldiers. Clive gladly laid down the pen to take up the sword, and soon became known as one of the bravest young fellows of his company.

The British wished to seize Arcot, a fortified town belonging to a native Prince who was friendly to the French, and Clive was sent to do it. He set off with

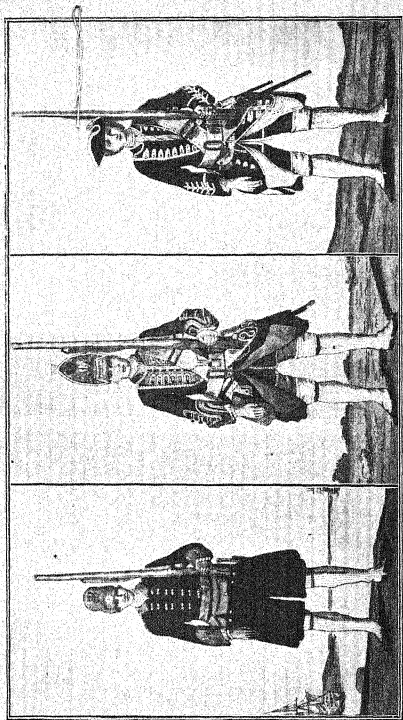
a little army of 200 Europeans along with 300 Sepoys, for the British had learnt from the French to make use of the native soldiers. As he drew near Arcot a heavy thunderstorm came on, but Clive pushed forward. The native soldiers in the place were so much taken aback at his boldness that they ran away ; and Clive marching in quietly, took possession of the town.

Before long Clive's little force was besieged by a great army. He held out bravely, but when the food was all eaten it seemed as if he would be forced to surrender.

Only a little rice was left for his men to eat. Then the Sepoys came to Clive and begged him to give all the rice to his own countrymen and leave them only the water it was boiled in. They could do with less, they said, than the white men.

A certain native Prince who had been hired to help the British had for some time kept away. But when he heard how bravely Clive was holding out at Arcot, he marched to relieve him. Hearing that he was coming, the besiegers, after one more vain attempt to storm the place, raised the siege. From this time the French power in India grew less as that of the British grew greater.

Clive's defence of Arcot took place just about the time when Washington was making those westward journeys which were the prelude to our war with France for North America. So that at the same time the British were fighting for India and for North America. And in each place they won at the last.



BRITISH ARMY UNIFORMS OF THE MIDDLE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.



## CHAPTER XVI.—GENERAL BRADDOCK.

ONCE again Fort Duquesne was to be the point of attack, and this time British regular soldiers were to be sent across the mountains. General Braddock was appointed to do the work of driving back the French, and was given a force of about 2,000 men.

Braddock was rough and brutal, but brave and resolute. He knew very well what a hard task had been set for him. On the battlefields of the Old World he had won honour; but the warfare of the backwoods was new and strange, full of unknown terrors and surprises for him and his men.

Yet they set out gaily on the road over the mountains which Washington had taken not long before. The way led through deep and trackless forests, crossed by rushing streams, and in many places a way had to be cut before the guns could be dragged along.

"A strange sight in those wild woods must have been the long train of jolting waggons dragged by broken-down horses, growing daily weaker; the clumsy carts and guns jolting and crashing over the rough-made track; the strings of heavy-laden pack-horses, stung by deer-flies and goaded by the drivers' whips, sliding and slipping over limestone slabs, and floundering amid stumps and roots; the droves of stunted cattle shambling along the unfenced track; the fresh-faced soldiers in tight scarlet uniforms, pigtails and pipeclay, mitre hats and black-gaitered legs, sweating in the fierce heat of an American midsummer sun."\*

\* A. G. Bradley in "The Fight with France for North America" (Constable).

The men marched in solid ranks whenever the ground would allow them to close up. Their gay coats and trappings made them very good targets for their foes; and they had been taught that it was cowardly to hide behind a tree or to crouch down by a fallen log to fire. They were ready to fight as they had always fought, face to face with their foes, shoulder to shoulder with their friends. It was their very bravery which brought about the defeat of which we have to tell.

Braddock had a few Indian spies, and these were sent on ahead to find out what the French were doing. They brought word that the enemy were gathering in great strength, and that Fort Duquesne was clearly preparing for a siege. Braddock hurried forward his men with greater speed. Washington was on his staff, and although suffering at the time from fever, he was very eager to take part in the coming battle. "I would not miss it," he wrote to his friends, "for five hundred pounds."

At last the British force came to the bank of a river which would have to be crossed. Night was, however, coming on apace, and the general ordered the tents to be pitched. Next morning the stream was forded and the column pushed on to a spot where the river had to be crossed again in order to come within striking distance of Fort Duquesne.

On the further side of the stream was a thick wood. Little did the British soldiers know that among the leafy trees their foes awaited them, not drawn up in order of battle, but posted singly here and there, ready

to fire with sure and steady aim when the word was given.

To the sound of fife and drum the British soldiers marched gaily across the stream. On the bank they re-formed in column and set out once more upon their way. The engineers went first to make a path. When they had reached the depths of the wood one of the foremost saw a man coming towards him at a run.

Before the warning could be given the British force was surrounded by numbers of French and Indians friendly to them. And in a few moments a deadly fire was pouring in upon the close ranks of the British column.

The rest may be imagined. The British troops formed up at the word of command and poured volley after volley among the trees. But they fired without a mark, so cleverly were their foes hidden, and soon they were falling in heaps.

Braddock did his best to repair the blunder. His officers fought like heroes. The men did not flinch. But it was a slaughter rather than a battle. For two hours the deadly firing lasted, and then Braddock ordered the remnant of his men to retreat. Just as he did so a ball struck him in the chest, and he fell to the ground. He was picked up, placed upon a horse, and forced along with the rest.

The French and Indians made no effort to chase the shattered column. On the way back the general breathed his last, and Washington read the last sad prayers over his forest grave.

## CHAPTER XVII.—THE ACADIANS.

THE Canadian provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick were at one time known by the name of Acadia. This part of North America was, as we have seen, first settled by the French, but afterwards taken by the British.

The French settlers stayed on in the country even when it was in our hands. They were mostly peasants and farmers, and they lived the simple life which their forefathers had been used to in France. They went on quietly with their work on the land and seemed to be quite content.

But secretly some of them were making plans to overthrow the British rule. This was, of course, to be expected, as they were of French blood. But, as we might also expect, the British leaders had no sympathy with these ideas. They had made up their minds to have in Acadia not only outward but real peace and order.

Orders were given that every person in Acadia was to take an oath promising to obey King George, and to fight for him if called upon. Many refused, and others hung back. "If you have not taken the oath," said the governor to them, "you are no longer subjects of King George, but of the King of France, and we shall treat you as such."

This struck fear to the hearts of many, and some were now eager to make the promise which was required of them. But the governor sternly refused to

allow them to do so. They had thrown away their chance, he said, and they must take the consequences.

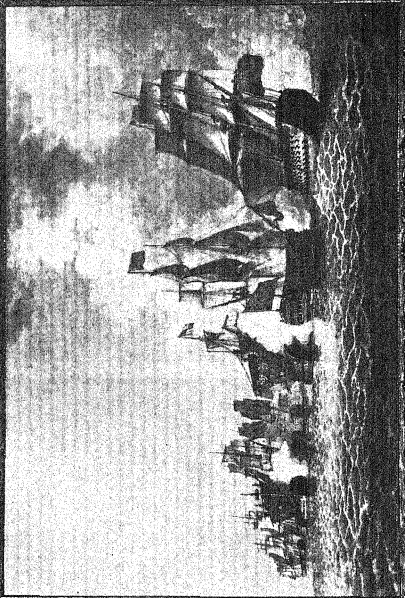
The consequences were stern enough, if not harsh and cruel. Soldiers were sent to each of the chief townships in Acadia. Orders were sent to the men of each place to come to the parish church and hear what was to be done. They came and heard the stern sentence read to them by an officer from the steps of the altar.

Each of the Acadians who had not taken the oath was to be sent out of the country, with his wife and family. His land and goods were to be seized in the name of the King.

The wretched men were struck dumb with grief and amazement; but there was no setting aside the stern order. Ships were brought to various points on the coast; the men and their families were taken on board and carried away to various parts of America. Some went to Quebec, which was then, of course, a French province; others went to New Orleans; others, again, to the backwoods. The poet Longfellow tells the story of their removal in his poem "Evangeline," from which we have already quoted. Here is another passage:

"When on the falling tide the vessels departed,  
Bearing a nation with all its household gods into exile,  
Exile without an end, and without an example in story,  
Scattered were they like flakes of snow, when the wind from the  
north-east  
Strikes aslant through the fogs that darken the banks of New-  
foundland."

The removal of the Acadians took place in the summer of Braddock's defeat and death. In the same



ROSCAWEN'S FLEET ATTACKING THE FRENCH.

*(From an old print.)*

year a French fleet carrying troops set out across the Atlantic for America. On the way it was attacked by a British fleet under Admiral Boscawen, who captured two of the vessels.

Up to this time French and English were not openly at war. But now it was seen on all sides that the great struggle was really begun. In the next year war was openly declared. It was known as the Seven Years' War, and other nations of Europe besides France and Britain took part in it.

They fought for several reasons, some of which had to do with the holding of certain parts of Europe. But the real questions between France and England were "Who is to be first in the New World?" and "Who is to found an empire in India?" The second question was answered first, and the man who answered it was Robert Clive, of whom we have already heard.

## CHAPTER XVIII.—THE BLACK HOLE OF CALCUTTA.

NOT long after Clive's defence of Arcot the French governor Dupleix was called home. Clive, too, went home for a rest, and he was received in England with great honour. Even his father was heard to growl out, "After all, the booby has sense!"

After a time Clive returned to India as a commander in the Company's service. He had not been long in the country when terrible news reached Madras.

Bengal, the richest and most fertile province of

India, was at that time ruled by a cruel and wicked young Prince, known to the British as Surajah Dowlah. He hated the British ; and having quarrelled with the Calcutta merchants, he seized the town, expecting to find in it a great store of treasure. He found very little, to his great disgust. But he promised to spare the lives of the prisoners he had made, and went to bed.

When he was sleeping the guards drove the prisoners into a small dungeon, lighted only by two little windows, barred with iron. There were one hundred and forty-six of the captives, and one was a woman. When they were all packed tightly into this cell they were locked in for the night.

It was summer, and the heat in India is far greater than in the very hottest weather we ever have in our own land. The prisoners knew well enough that they must soon die for want of air. They tried to bribe the guards to unlock the door. The answer was that nothing could be done without the Prince's orders ; that he was asleep, and would be angry if anyone woke him.

Driven mad by despair, the captives began to fight and trample one another down, striving for a place nearer to the windows, which were high up in the wall. The cruel guards only laughed, and held up lights to the bars that they might amuse themselves by watching the struggles of their victims.

When morning came and the door was opened, of the hundred and forty-six who had gone in only twenty-three came out alive, and among these was the woman. Yet Surajah Dowlah was not at all sorry.



When, however, Clive arrived with an army from Madras, the wretched Prince began to be afraid. He said that he was sorry for what had happened, and Clive, though much against his will, made peace with him. But the Prince soon showed that he was utterly faithless ; and the British made up their minds to turn him off his throne and set up one of his officers in his stead.

When Surajah Dowlah learnt what Clive meant to do, he determined to fight. The two armies drew near to each other at Plassey in Lower Bengal.

Clive's force was very small compared with the great host under the command of Surajah Dowlah. He had very few guns, while his enemy had forty huge cannon, each drawn by a yoke of white oxen, with an elephant to push behind.

Clive felt uncertain whether he ought to give battle ; and, against his usual plan, he asked the advice of his officers. Nearly all of them thought he ought not to fight against such heavy odds. But after thinking over the matter, he made up his mind to risk a battle on the following day.

"The day broke, the day which was to decide the fate of India. At sunrise the army of the Nabob began to move towards the grove where the English lay. Forty thousand men, armed with firelocks, pikes, swords, bows and arrows, covered the plain. The horsemen were fifteen thousand. The force which Clive had to oppose to this consisted of only three thousand men.

"But of these nearly a thousand were English ;

and all were led by English officers, and trained in the English manner. In the ranks of the little army were the men of the Thirty-ninth Regiment, which still bears on its colours the name of Plassey, and the proud motto, 'First in the Indies.'

"The battle commenced with a cannonade, in which the guns of the Nabob did scarcely any damage, while the few field-pieces of the English had great effect. Several of the officers in Surajah Dowlah's service fell. Disorder began to spread through his ranks. His own terror increased every moment. He ordered his army to fall back, and this order decided his fate.

"Clive snatched the moment, and ordered his troops to advance. No mob attacked by regular soldiers was ever more completely routed. The little band of Frenchmen who alone faced the English were swept down the stream of fugitives. In an hour the forces of Surajah Dowlah were dispersed, never to reassemble again.

"Only five hundred were slain; but their camp, their baggage, waggons, and cattle remained in the power of the conquerors. With the loss of twenty-two soldiers killed and fifty wounded, Clive had scattered an army of near sixty thousand men, and won an empire larger and more populous than Great Britain."

Clive received many rich gifts from the new ruler whom he set up in Bengal. He was made Lord Clive, and a little later became Governor of Bengal, and ruled very wisely. Unfortunately he had in his earlier

days stooped to behave to the natives in the same cunning way in which they too often behaved to Europeans.

When he came home for good some of his doings were found fault with in Parliament, and he was censured. This preyed upon his mind so much that in a fit of depression he put an end to his own life.

### CHAPTER XIX.—THE BRITISH BEFORE QUEBEC.

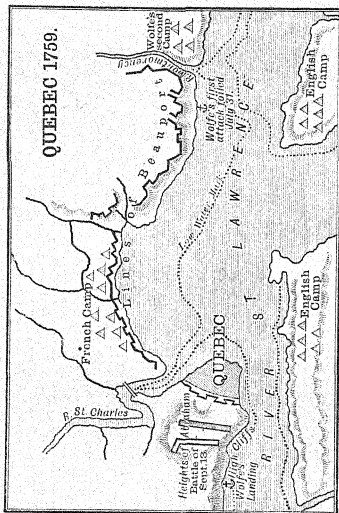
WHILE Clive was laying the foundation of our rule in India another great British general was engaged in the work which led to our gaining possession of Canada. This was James Wolfe, who fought the great Battle of Quebec, two years after the fight at Plassey.

While Britain was at war with France a great statesman named William Pitt became Prime Minister. He was one of the finest speakers and one of the noblest men who have ever helped to rule our country. As soon as he was at the head of affairs a new spirit seemed to enter into the nation, and one victory after another was won in various parts of the world.

He took in hand the war with France in America. He had made up his mind to take Canada and drive the French out of America as the only means of winning a lasting peace. He chose his generals with great care, and seemed to know how to fill all who worked with him with hope and confidence.

In the year after he took office the British laid siege

to the strong fortress of Louisbourg, on Cape Breton Island. After a two months' siege by land and sea



and a great deal of stern fighting, the town fell into their hands. Wolfe led the attack on the town, though he was not in chief command of the British. A large number of prisoners fell into our hands, and

the French fleet in the harbour was entirely destroyed. The town was afterwards razed to the ground. The French flags brought to England were carried to St. Paul's, amid the great joy of the citizens.

In the same year the important French fort of Frontenac, on Lake Ontario, was also taken by the British. It stood where the Canadian town of Kingston now stands, and was the key to the great lake.

Another British force marched through the forest backwoods and forced the French to leave Fort Duquesne. Here the British set up a fort and called the place Pittsburg, in honour of the great Englishman who had turned the tide of events. By the fall of these two forts the French of Canada were cut off from those of their fellow-countrymen who had settled in Louisiana.

Wolfe was now sent by Pitt to take Quebec. The city stood on a high, steep cliff overlooking the St. Lawrence, where the river is very narrow ; and it was strongly defended. For two months the British fleet lay in the river, and many attempts were made to find a weak spot in the defences. But Quebec looked down upon her foes as though in scorn of their efforts. A mere handful of men could hold her, so well was she placed.

The French were under the command of a brave general named Montcalm. He did not stay within the city, but encamped his army not far away, while Wolfe's camp lay on the opposite side of the river on the Isle of Orleans.

The night after the British arrived the French got

a number of ships and filled them full of things which would burn long and fiercely. These were fired and sent adrift down the river towards the British fleet. The night was very dark, and the glare from the blazing vessels struck terror to the hearts of many of the British soldiers. But the British sailors laughed at the attempt to fire their fleet, and putting off from their own vessels, towed the burning ships ashore, where they could do no harm.

On the following day Wolfe sent a letter to the people of Quebec. "We are sent by our King," he wrote, "to conquer this province, but not to make war on women and children, priests and peasants. We are sorry for the sufferings our invasion may bring upon you ; but if you take no part in the fighting we offer you safety in person and property.

"We are masters of the river ; no help can reach you from France. Your cause is hopeless, your valour useless. Your nation has been guilty of great cruelty to our settlers, but we seek not revenge. We offer you the sweets of peace amid the horrors of war. England, in her strength, will befriend you ; France, in her weakness, leaves you to your fate."

Wolfe now sent a brigade to take Point Levis, which faced the fortress city, and from whence guns could be fired upon it. The French tried to drive them away, but were not able to do so. In fact, the attacking party fell into disorder, and began to fire upon each other. Then they withdrew once more to their boats and rowed down the river.

Wolfe now began to prepare to bombard the city.

from Point Levis, where he had mounted about forty heavy guns. For eight weeks the British gunners rained upon the city a perfect storm of shot and shell, which did a great deal of damage. Meanwhile parties of British were scouring the country for miles around, and Wolfe was making one effort after another to get behind Montcalm and attack his force in the rear. And a certain number of his ships, daring the guns of Quebec, had passed up the river, and now lay on the opposite side of the city to the French army.

But so far nothing of importance had been done, and Wolfe was beginning to lose heart. Montcalm would not offer fight, whatever Wolfe did to try to draw him out. And in one of his letters home about this time the British general confesses that he will never be able to take the city. People at home, too, were beginning to lose faith in the young general of whom Pitt expected so much.

Wolfe, never a strong man, was at the time ill with fever. But he was as strong in spirit as he was weak in body ; and he made up his mind to bring the siege to an end by a daring plan.

Montcalm lay, as we have seen, on the east of the city. The west was defended by the lofty cliffs, and the French did not think it needful to post an army there. At last Wolfe made up his mind to storm these high cliffs, which were known as the Heights of Abraham.

CHAPTER XX.—ON THE HEIGHTS OF  
ABRAHAM.

WITH a few of his officers Wolfe made a survey of the line of lofty cliffs which defended Quebec on the west. From a distance he could see a path winding its way up the face of the rock. Here he made up his mind to scale the precipice.

Orders were given to the men on board the ships above the city to be ready to take to the boats at nine o'clock on the night of August 12. The general then sent for an officer named Jervis, who had been one of his schoolfellows, and in the cabin of the flag-ship he gave him a small portrait of the lady to whom he was engaged to be married. He asked the friend to carry this to the lady herself if he should not live through the battle which he was expecting to fight when morning dawned.

When night came on the British guns kept up a steady fire upon the city. Montcalm in his camp was very uneasy, and seemed to expect some attack upon his position. He did not know that the attack was to be made about ten miles away at a place where, he had said, a hundred men could hold Quebec against an army.

Meanwhile Wolfe's force of about 1,600 men was quietly embarking in the boats. About two hours after midnight they pushed off with muffled oars, and made their way along the bank of the stream under the dark shadow of the cliffs.



As they went down the river it is said that Wolfe repeated in a low voice part of the beautiful poem known as "Gray's Elegy." One line ran :

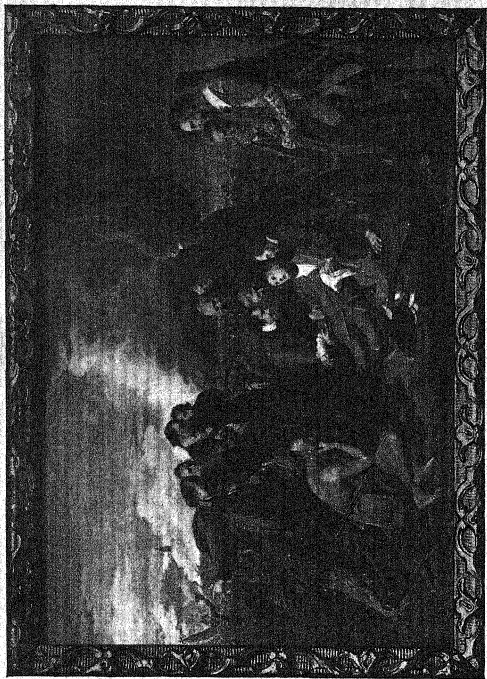
"The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

"Now, gentlemen," said the general, "I would rather be the author of that poem than take Quebec."

Quiet as they were, however, the boats were seen by a French sentry, and his challenge rang out sharp and clear in the silence of the night. But a Highland officer who could speak French gave the answer in that tongue. They were provision boats, he said, taking stores down the river for the French soldiers. The sentry gave the word, and they passed on.

At last the boats reached the foot of the path which Wolfe had spied out from the other side of the river. It was narrow and rough, and ran a zig-zag course to the top of the cliff. Up sprang the British soldiers, Wolfe among the foremost, holding on to the bushes and boulders to raise themselves from point to point.

The dawn was just breaking as the first men leapt upon the top of the cliff, to find only a few Frenchmen, whose duty it was to guard the path. They fired a volley, which hurt no one, then turned and fled towards the city. When morning came Wolfe had an army of more than 4,000 men drawn up on the Heights of Abraham. Leaving a small part of his force to guard the path by which his men had scaled the cliff, he marched up to within a short distance of the western wall of the city.



THE DEATH OF WOLFE.  
*Benjamin West, R.A.*

Meanwhile Montcalm had all night been expecting an attack on his camp. But when morning dawned a messenger came with the news that the British were at that moment close to the city on the western side. Leaving a portion of his force to guard the camp, he at once set out on the march. In about three hours his troops had passed round or through Quebec, and were drawn up before the British on the Heights of Abraham.

The French army was rather larger than the British. At about ten o'clock Montcalm gave the order to advance, and the British moved forward to meet their foe. Wolfe had ordered his men not to fire until they were close to the French, who came on quickly firing as they advanced.

When they had reached the required distance a volley rang out from the British lines so exact that it sounded like the boom of a single gun. Then, after one more volley, the British soldiers rushed forward with a mighty cheer. It was a fight in the open, to which British troops had been well trained. There was now no chance for the French to use the tricks which they had learnt so well in backwoods fighting. Before long the French army was in headlong rout down the heights.

In the moment of victory Wolfe was struck by a ball, and had to be carried wounded to the rear. As he lay dying, an officer by his side suddenly cried: "See, they run!" "Who run?" asked Wolfe, eagerly raising himself on his elbow. "The enemy," replied the officer. "Now God be praised!" said Wolfe;

"I shall die happy;" and not long afterwards he breathed his last.

Montcalm, who had also been mortally wounded, was told that he had but a few hours to live. "So much the better," said the brave general, "for I shall not see the British in Quebec." Something had told him, he said, how the battle would go, and he was at least proud to fall at the hands of so brave a foe. The last thing he did was to cause a note to be written to the British officer now in command.

For the French prisoners and the whole of Canada he begged for pity and generous treatment. "Be their protector," he wrote, "as I have been their father." A few hours later he died, and was buried in a grave made by the bursting of a British shell.

In England the news of the victory was received with great joy, but the gladness was dimmed by sorrow for the loss of Wolfe, who had died, as Pitt said, "just as his fame began." The body of the general was brought home, and was laid to rest in the church at Greenwich.

The fight on the Plains of Abraham was the beginning of the end. What was left of the French army fell back upon Montreal. In the spring of the next year—the last of the reign of George II.—the British followed them there and forced the French viceroy to surrender. The British were now masters of North America from the Arctic Ocean to the boundaries of the Spanish colonies.

## CHAPTER XXI.—THE ISLAND CONTINENT.

WE have already seen how the Dutch sailor Tasman was the first European captain to reach Australia (see p. 51). He thought that Tasmania was part of the mainland, and the fact that it was an island was not known for one hundred and fifty years after his visit.

By that time the country was known by the name of New Holland; and in the latter part of the reign of William III. it was visited by an English sailor named William Dampier.

Dampier was little better than a pirate, and had spent some years of his life in making raids upon Spanish and Dutch vessels in the southern seas. But he was also anxious to add to our knowledge of the geography of those parts, and for this we must give him due credit.

With a crew of men like himself, he sailed along the western coast of New Holland from Shark Bay to the islands which lie north of the continent; and when, after a great deal of trouble with his crew, he managed to get back home again, he wrote an account of what he had seen. Here is his story of his first meeting with the aborigines:

“On the 31st August, betimes in the morning, I went ashore with ten or eleven men to search for water. We went armed with muskets and cutlasses for our defence, expecting to see people there, and carried also shovels and pick-axes to dig wells.

“When we came near the shore we saw three tall,

black, naked men on the sandy bay ahead of us ; but as we rowed in they went away. When we were landed, I sent the boat with two men in her to lie a little from the shore at an anchor, to prevent being seized, while the rest of us went after the three black men, who were now on the top of a small hill about a quarter of a mile from us, with eight or nine men in their company.

"They, seeing us coming, ran away. When we came on the top of the hill where they first stood we saw on the plain at a distance several things like haycocks. These we thought at first to be houses, but we found them to be so many rocks. We searched about these for water, but could find none. Then we turned again to the place where we landed, and there we dug for water.

"While we were at work there came nine or ten of the blacks to a small hill a little way from us, and stood there menacing us and making a great noise. At last one of them came towards us, and the rest followed at a distance. I went out to meet him, and came within fifty yards of him, making signs of peace, but then he ran away as well as the others.

"At last I took two men with me, and went along the seaside to catch one of them, if I could, so as to find out where they got their water. There were ten or twelve of them some distance off, and when they saw the three of us go away from the rest of our men they followed us.

"We soon reached a sandbank, behind which we hid ourselves. Then, when they came near, one of my

men, a nimble young fellow, went out and fought with them. He had a cutlass, and they had wooden lances, and as they were too many for him, he was soon in sore straits.

"So I went to his help. Upon their seeing me, one of them threw a lance at me that narrowly missed me. I fired my gun to scare them, but they only tossed up their hands, and cried 'Pooh, pooh, pooh!' Then they came on afresh with a great noise.

"I thought it now high time to shoot one of them, which I did. The rest, seeing him fall, made a stand, and my man took his chance and got away from them. They took up their wounded companion; and my man, who had been struck through the cheek by one of their lances, was afraid it had been poisoned, because the wound was so painful. But it soon healed.

"Among the natives there was one who seemed to be a prince among them. He was a brisk young man, not very tall, nor so good-looking as some of the rest, though much more active. He alone was painted with a circle of white about his eyes, and a white streak down his nose from his forehead to the tip of it; and his breast and arms were also made white with paint.

"They had the most unpleasant looks of any people that ever I saw. They had black skins, frizzled hair, and long and thin limbs. We saw a great many places where they had made fires, and near each fireplace was a heap of fish-shells. We saw no houses at all belonging to them."

In the next year Dampier was given a ship called the *Roebuck*, and sailed again for New Holland. The chie

thing which seemed to impress him was the desolate nature of the coast. He caught some kangaroos, and tells of a great capture of sharks on one part of the coast.

On one of Dampier's voyages his ship became leaky, and he put into a small island called Juan Fernandez. Alexander Selkirk, one of the crew, refused to leave the place when the ship had been repaired. So he was put ashore, and remained there alone for four years.

The ship went down, but Dampier managed to escape; and the next time he came near Juan Fernandez he put in there, and took Selkirk away. On this incident Daniel Defoe based his world-famed story, "Robinson Crusoe."

So far as we know, Tasman, the Dutch sailor, was the first white man to visit New Zealand. After discovering Tasmania, he sailed east until he sighted the west coast of Middle or South Island.

He turned northwards, and, after sailing round Cape Farewell, cast anchor in a bay which now bears his name. The Maoris put out in their war canoes, and hung around Tasman's ships for two or three days. At last they made an attack on a boat which was passing from one ship to the other. Three sailors were killed and another wounded, and Tasman made haste to leave the place. He made the best of his way back to Java, and the land he had found soon became known as New Zealand.



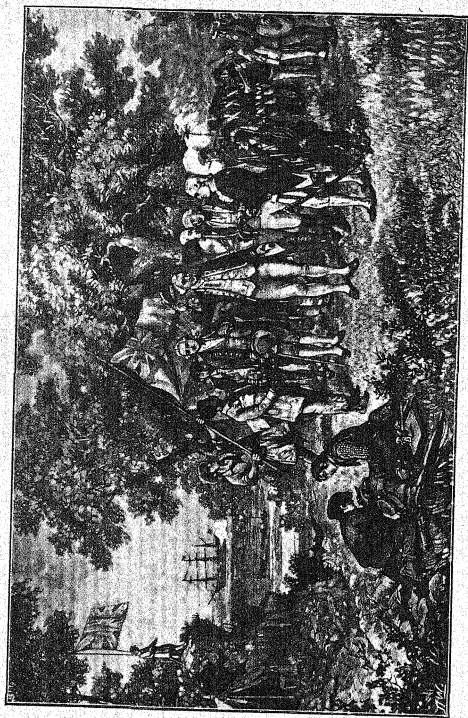
## CHAPTER XXII.—CAPTAIN COOK'S FIRST VOYAGE.

AMONG the Englishmen who took part in the famous Siege of Quebec was a sailor named James Cook. Exactly ten years after Wolfe's great victory he set out on a voyage which was of great importance in the history of the British Empire ; for it was the means of opening out to British colonists a new world in the Southern Seas.

Cook was a native of the village of Marton, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, where his father was a farm-labourer. The boy was very young when he was sent to work on a farm not far from his home, and he had no schooling. Yet after his long day's work on the farm he taught himself the alphabet with the help of his master's wife ; and after a few years he was able to attend a day-school in another village, to which his parents had removed.

At the age of thirteen he became apprentice to a grocer in a village on the Yorkshire coast. But his heart was not in this work. Whenever he had an opportunity he would make his way to the shore, where he would listen intently to the tales of the sailors who had seen such strange and wonderful things in far-off lands beyond the sea.

These stories made him long with all his heart to leave the work in which he was engaged. He therefore walked into Whitby one morning, and offered himself to the mate of a collier trading between London and



CAPTAIN COOK PROCLAIMING NEW SOUTH WALES A BRITISH POSSESSION.

Whitby. The man at once took the lad on board, thinking that he looked steady and active.

He was not disappointed. Cook had many a voyage along the East Coast, and he never missed a chance of getting to know all he could about the management of a ship. In time he himself became the mate of a vessel in the same trade.

Then he heard that the press-gang was astir, so he made up his mind to join the navy of his own free will. He therefore became a sailor on a man-of-war, and was sent out to Quebec.

He rose to the position of master, and during the siege he was sent to survey certain parts of the St. Lawrence. It was a dangerous task, and at one time Cook nearly fell into the hands of some Indians who were friendly to the French.

But he did his work well, and made out a chart which was of great service to the officers of his ship. He was afterwards employed on the same kind of work in the West Indies. By his careful work he earned a reputation for exactness in all that he did.

He was raised to the rank of lieutenant, and was then sent in a small ship called the *Endeavour* to make certain observations in the Pacific, and to search for land in the southern part of that ocean.

Cook set out across the Southern Atlantic and rounded Cape Horn. Sailing into the Pacific, he discovered several islands, and called one group the Society Islands. From Tahiti, one of this group, he brought away a native called Tupia, who proved very useful in dealing with the people of other places not far away.

Then he set out in search of the Great South Land, which was thought to be a continent lying about the South Pole. He came first of all upon the east coast of the Northern Island of New Zealand. He landed at Poverty Bay, but quickly came into conflict with the Maoris, and one of them had to be shot before the boat's crew could get away.

Cook was always opposed to treating the natives with violence, but, try as he would, he could not make friends with the tribes of Poverty Bay. So he sailed away in disgust to a place where he found a friendly tribe. He was taken through the village, and for the first time beheld a Maori *pah*, or stronghold.

Coasting further north, he landed at Mercury Bay, and took possession of the land for King George. He then made a voyage right round North Island, and discovered the strait to the south of it which now bears his name.

Shortly afterwards he landed on South or Middle Island from Queen Charlotte Sound, and took possession of that, too, in the name of the King. Then he sailed round this island also, but took in Stewart Island in his voyage, thinking that it was part of the larger piece of land.

Wherever he landed he tried to make friends with the Maoris, though he did not always succeed. Tupia was very useful to him in his dealings with the people of the new land. He found that the islands contained no animals except rats and dogs, and he thought that it was because of the lack of flesh meat that some of the Maoris had become cannibals.

He therefore took to them a number of pigs, sheep, goats, and fowls, as well as potatoes and cabbages. The sheep and goats died, but the pigs and fowls thrive very well indeed ; for these things, and especially for the potato, the Maoris were very grateful. Cook visited New Zealand three times afterwards, and was long remembered with kindness by several of the Maori tribes.

#### CHAPTER XXIII.—MAORI LIFE AND CUSTOMS.

THE natives of the new land which Cook had visited were known as “ the Maori,” or “ the people.” They lived for the most part along the coasts or by the banks of the lakes and rivers ; for the chief part of their food was fish, and they were very clever at catching the shark. The birds of the forests they hunted with long, slender spears, some of which were quite thirty feet in length.

Their vegetable food consisted of wild fruits, the *kumara*, or sweet potato, and the root of the bracken fern. For clothing they depended mainly upon the fibre of a plant known as New Zealand flax, from which they wove mats and cloaks.

Their houses were rough in design, but well and strongly built. They had no chimneys, but the window served as an outlet for the smoke of the fire. The canoes in which they sailed and fought each other were very well made, and many of them had beautiful carven stems.

The tribes took part in constant warfare in which there seemed to be very little ill-feeling. “ Some-

times," writes one who lived for some time among them, "two villages would get up a little war, and the men, after potting at each other all day, would come out of their forts, or *pahs*, in the evening, and talk over the day's work in the most friendly way: 'I nearly bagged your brother to-day.' 'Yes, but you should have seen how I made your old father-in-law skip,' and so on."

At the head of each tribe was the *ariki*, who was sometimes both chief and priest. Next in importance to the chief were the members of the royal family, and after them came the *rangatira*, or nobles; then the ordinary people divided into several classes.

The Maoris had a fine store of native stories and legends, and seem to have been like the Red Indians, a poetic and highly intelligent race. They had no written language in which to hand down these tales from father to son, but each young man was expected to learn them from his father word by word, and be able at any time to repeat them.

One of the great heroes of these tales was Maui, who



MAORI CARVING.

seems to have been a kind of New Zealand Hercules. Many are the stories told of him. Maui went to the fire-goddess on a visit, and brought back with him, for the use of the Maoris, a portion of the fire which oozed from her finger-tips. He made the days longer by harnessing the sun with a rope made of his sister's hair, and he also taught the Maoris how to tattoo.

He lost his life owing to the chattering of that noisy little bird the fantail. He had set about the hard task of making his people immortal, which could only be done by creeping through the body of a certain monster. Just as Maui had begun to crawl down the sleeping monster's throat, the fantail saw him, and began to laugh and twitter. Of course, the monster awoke, and there was an end of poor Maui, as well as of the chance of immortality for the Maoris.

There were many other stories of the same kind about Taniwha, the great lizard, and Wiro, the noisy demon who lived in the caves. These two punished those who did wrong in any way.

The learning of these stories gave to the Maoris very good memories, and made them quick to grasp the meaning of anything told to them. When Cook landed at Mercury Bay, there was present a boy named Taniwha, then only eight years of age. Eighty years afterwards he was able to tell the story of the coming of the white men correct in every detail.

He said that when the old men of his tribe saw Cook's ship they called it a god. When they saw the sailors rowing to the shore, they cried: "Yes; these people are goblins, for they have eyes at the back of their heads."

When the "goblins" landed, the children ran away into the woods, but the men stayed behind to greet the strangers. As the goblins did no harm, Taniwha and some other children came back to look at them. Some of the goblins carried "walking-sticks," and one of them pointed his stick at a bird which sat upon a tree. A crash of thunder came with lightning, and the bird fell from the tree dead.

Taniwha, who was among the bolder of the children, went aboard the ship, where he saw the leader of the goblins. He was a great man, but spoke little. He gave Taniwha a large nail, which he kept for many years afterwards, using it either as a spearhead or a charm to wear round his neck. But one day he was thrown out of his canoe, and said Taniwha: "My god was lost to me, though I dived for it."

When the white men first came to New Zealand, it was the custom for the Maoris to tattoo their faces and bodies. This art was taught to them, they said, by their hero and demi-god Maui, who first practised upon the nose of a dog; and, as everyone knows, dogs have black muzzles to this very day.

Two very strange customs among the Maoris were those of *muru* and *tapu*. *Muru* means plunder. When a man did something against the laws of *muru*, his neighbours made a raid upon him and stole his goods. He may have offended against the law, not knowing what he did. This did not matter. The raiding party visited him just the same, and he was expected to look upon their attentions as entirely for his own good.

*Tapu* means sacred, and anything that was *tapu*



could not be even touched. The chiefs were *tapu*, and so were their weapons, or anything they might happen to touch. Fields of the sweet potato were *tapu*, and so were the people who were working in them. Those who broke *tapu* were plundered and "sent to Coventry," even if they had offended against the law without knowing it. When white settlers came to New Zealand, they found it very hard to understand the meaning of these customs of the Maoris.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.—THE FOUNDING OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

AFTER leaving New Zealand, Cook, on his first momentous voyage, sailed away to New Holland, as the island continent of the Southern Pacific was then called. He steered for Tasmania, of which we have already learnt something, but a storm arose which drove him northward. On April 19, in the year 1770, he sighted the mainland of Australia.

This date is well worth remembering. It is also worth noting that at that time the great quarrel was beginning which was to end in the loss of our American colonies. Of this struggle we shall read in a later chapter.

The land Cook had reached was the long, unbroken, ninety-mile reach of Gippsland, Victoria, and he sailed away still farther to the north in search of a harbour and shelter. Nine days later he found a suitable opening in the coast, and, turning in there, cast anchor.

It was the Australian autumn, and the two famous botanists who had come out with Cook found so much to interest them in the new plants on the shores of the bay that the ship stayed there a week. Before Cook left he named the harbour Botany Bay. The travellers were unable to make friends with the black people of the place. But they seem to have been greatly pleased with the fertile nature of the soil; and when the first colonists came out from Britain they settled in this place.

Cook left Botany Bay early in May, and sailed once more to the northward. He explored the coast carefully, naming and marking on the chart all the places at which he touched. At Moreton Bay he stayed for some time, and then set out northward again.

Here and there the explorers met with parties of natives, some of whom resisted any attempt at landing. They were armed with long, sharp lances and pieces of curved wood. The latter were the boomerangs, which the blacks used with much skill. They could throw them with great force at any object, and in such a manner that they returned to the spot whence they were thrown.

Cook found that the coast-lands to the north of Botany Bay were wanting in navigable rivers, and that springs of fresh water were almost entirely absent. The country inland seemed to be covered with a dense prickly shrub, which afterwards got the name of the Bush.

When he got among the shoals of the Great Barrier Reef he met with an accident; for three weeks the

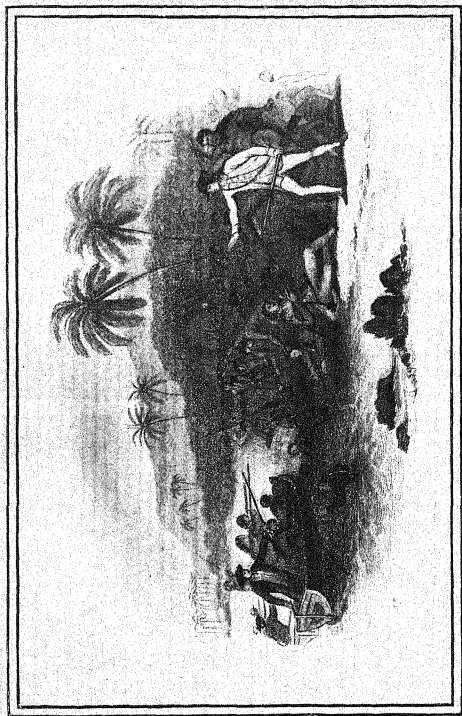
*Endeavour* was firmly wedged upon a reef of coral. She was at last got off after much trouble, and Cook made for the mainland again. The point first sighted he called Cape Tribulation, and the little river where he laid the ship up for repairs was named after her.

The work of refitting the vessel took two months to complete. Then Cook set out on the northward journey once again. When he reached Cape York, he knew that he had at last joined up the newly-found land with that already known to the Dutch. He therefore landed on an island in Torres Strait, and took possession of the whole eastern coast for King George. To the land which he had found and added to the Empire he gave the name of New South Wales.

It is strange that Cook was far from being satisfied with the result of this voyage. The people who sent him out wished, above all, to know of the Great South Land which was thought to lie about the Pole. So he twice went out again in search of it, but, of course, without success. The ice barred the way, and Cook came to the sensible conclusion that if land did indeed lie beyond the ice-wall it must be quite useless to man.

On these voyages Cook made many fresh discoveries in the South Pacific, and he met his death in a quarrel with the natives of Hawaii. His statue stands in Sydney now, looking over the wonderful harbour the opening of which he noticed on his first voyage.

There were two men on board the *Endeavour* who saw that the new land would form a good home for British people. The first was Sir Joseph Banks, who, when he got home again, did all he could to get good



THE DEATH OF CAPTAIN COOK.

workmen and farmers to go out to Australia, as the new continent was now called. The other was a midshipman named Matra, to whose hard work and energy the first settlers in Australia owed a great deal.

The first party sent out was under the command of a soldier named Captain Arthur Philip. He reached Botany Bay in 1788. It was the month of January, and the country did not look so well as when Cook had visited the spot. Philip went off in the ship's boat to find a better place, and came to Port Jackson, to which place he at once gave orders for the fleet to sail.

There, on January 26, 1788, five years after the loss of our American colonies, the first landing was made. A flagstaff was erected, and the British flag was hoisted. The marines fired several volleys in honour of the event, and the new Governor made a speech wishing success to the colony. The anniversary of that day is still kept in Australia as a holiday.

Meanwhile we must read the story of the loss of the American colonies and the founding of a new nation across the Atlantic.

## CHAPTER XXV.—THE LOSS OF THE AMERICAN COLONIES—I.

As we have seen, Wolfe's great victory at Quebec led to the addition of a large part of North America to our Empire. We gained Canada, as well as the country drained by the great rivers Ohio and Mississippi. And now it was at last settled that English-speaking people.

and not the French, were to hold the larger part of North America.

But only twelve years after the close of the war another struggle began in which we lost those of our American colonies which lay to the south of the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes. This is known in history as the War of American Independence.

The great war with France had cost Britain a large sum of money. And it seemed quite fair to most people that the colonists should bear some of the expense of the war, as well as help to pay for the troops needed to guard their homes. So a tax was put upon them by the British Parliament.

The Americans were very angry. They said that the Parliament "at home" had no right to tax them, as they did not send members to the House of Commons. So, for the time at least, the tax was taken off.

After a while, however, some of the King's Ministers tried to tax the American colonists again. This time Parliament passed a law placing a tax on tea, glass, paper, and several other things imported into America. The colonists were more angry than ever, and all the taxes were taken off except the one on tea. This was kept on just to show that the Mother Country thought she had a right to tax her colonists when the money was to be spent for their own good.

About this time a large quantity of tea was sent to Boston, one of the largest towns in the New England colonies. Now, many men and women calling themselves "Sons and Daughters of Liberty" had bound themselves to give up drinking tea altogether

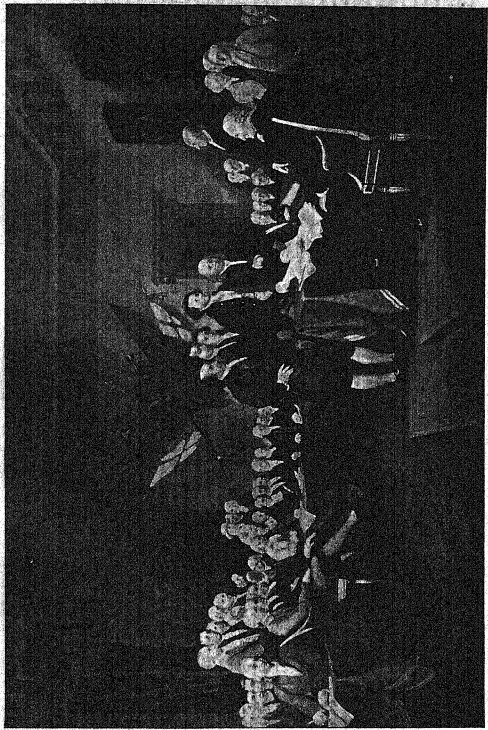
rather than pay the duty on it. But this was a great hardship, and the people of Boston made up their minds that this tea should not be landed, lest people should be tempted to buy it. So one evening about fifty men dressed as Indians rushed down to the quay, boarded the tea-ships, split open the chests, and emptied all the tea into the harbour.

This was really the beginning of the war. The colonists now began to arm, and more troops were sent out from England. The chief men of the colonies met together in what was called a congress, and took the lead in the struggle. The fighting began in 1775, only sixteen years after Wolfe's great victory at Quebec.

The Americans, as we must now call our colonists, had collected arms and stores at a place near Boston, and British troops were sent to destroy them. On the way back the soldiers were fired on at Lexington by the colonial volunteers, who were hidden behind stone walls and hedges. Many of the men were killed and wounded.

There was a working engraver named Paul Revere who was sent to warn the Americans at Lexington that the British were coming. He waited at Charlestown till he saw two lights hung in a church steeple. This was a signal to him that the British were moving, and he set out on the ride of which Longfellow writes in one of his poems :

“A hurry of hoofs in a village street,  
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,  
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark  
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet ;



THE AMERICAN LEADERS DRAWING UP THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.  
(From an engraving after Trumbull.)



That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,  
The fate of a nation was riding that night;  
And the spark struck out by that steed in his flight  
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

“So through the night rode Paul Revere;  
And so through the night went his cry of alarm  
To every Middlesex village and farm—  
A cry of defiance and not of fear,  
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,  
And a word that shall echo for evermore;  
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,  
Through all our history to the last,  
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,  
The people will waken, and listen to hear  
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,  
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.”

Soon afterwards the British tried to seize a hill overlooking their camp at Boston, where the colonists had a strong position. Twice they were beaten back, and they only took the hill in the end because the Americans had used up all their powder and shot, and had to retreat. This fight is usually known as the Battle of Bunker Hill.

In the next year the Congress met together, and drew up a paper which came to be known as the Declaration of Independence. In this they said that they were a free nation, and would no longer obey King George. This was a most important paper, for it marked the birth of the new nation which we now know as the United States of America.

Now, there were many people in America who did not wish to part from the Mother Country, which most

of them spoke of as "home." Almost half the Congress voted against the Declaration ; and if King George and his Ministers had only given way about taxation, it is quite likely that the American colonies would not have broken away from the Mother Country.

## CHAPTER XXVI.—THE LOSS OF THE AMERICAN COLONIES—II.

THE colonies were jealous of each other, and there was at first not much heart in the war. If it had not been for a few men who were really in earnest the United States might never have taken her place among the nations.

The greatest of these men was George Washington, whom we have already seen fighting bravely on the side of the British. He was a quiet, modest man, who never thought about himself, but was ready to bear anything for the sake of his country.

Although he had a hot temper, he had trained himself to be very patient, calm, and just. People knew that nothing on earth would make him untrue to his word or do a mean action, and of course they trusted him. He was very wise, and in all things sought only the good of his people.

The best thing about him was that he never let anything discourage him, but in spite of worries and failures went on quietly doing his best. He had, indeed, much to worry him. There was the making of very good soldiers in the colonists. They were

brave, hardy fellows, very good shots, and quick in learning their duties. But they were not very willing to do as their officers told them.

Many of them cared very little how the war went ; and they grudged every hour which they had to spend away from their farms and families. They would only enlist for short times, so as not to spoil the work on their farms or in their shops. And Washington continually found his army melting away just when he most needed a large number of men. He had to collect a new army nearly every year, so that he was always fighting with undrilled men.

To make matters worse, Washington could not get the Congress to pay his men properly, or supply them with what they needed for their work. His troops were often nearly starving. No one but himself could have kept such an army together at all. But though often beaten, he never gave up heart nor missed any chance of success.

Two years after the war began, the colonists were able to shut up the British General at a place called Saratoga ; and in the end they forced him to surrender.

Then they got help in the war from the French, who, of course, were only too glad to have the chance of fighting their old foe. They sent money, soldiers, and ships to the colonists ; and they promised to make war on England until she gave up her claim to rule the American colonies.

Some of King George's Ministers thought it was very wrong to go on with the war ; but the heart of the King himself was set upon teaching "the colonies,"

as they were still called at home, a very severe lesson. Yet he offered to set right everything of which the Americans complained if they would make peace and obey him once more as their King.

Pitt, now Earl of Chatham, one of the best statesmen we have ever had, was at first all on the side of the Americans. He thought the King and his Ministers were in the wrong, and that the colonists were right. But even he could not bear to think of the colonies being separated from the Mother Country.

He was now an old man, and he had served his country well. Hearing that a certain nobleman was going to propose in the House of Lords that we should give up our claim to rule the American colonies, he went down to speak against him.

At the time he was very ill and weak, but his spirit was as strong as it had ever been. Wrapped in flannel, and leaning on crutches, the old man was led into the House of Lords by his son-in-law and his young son William Pitt. The Lords listened to him with great respect, but they could scarcely hear the words that fell from his lips. He said the same things over and over again, and was quite unable to frame a sentence.

The nobleman against whom he spoke answered him very gently. Chatham rose to speak again, but staggered and fell on the floor in a fit. He was carried out of the House and taken to his home a few miles from London, where after a short time he died.

Soon after this Spain joined France in the war against Britain, and laid siege to Gibraltar, which she wished to get back again. Our country at that

time was in very great danger. The French and Spanish fleets sailed up and down the Channel, and there was no British fleet strong enough to fight them.

Then Holland joined our foes against us. We had no friend among the nations of Europe. At this time also, as we shall see in another chapter, a powerful native prince was doing his best to drive the English out of India. Still King George would not yield an inch to the American colonists.

At last the British troops in America under General Cornwallis were shut up in Yorktown, a seaport in Virginia. The Americans hemmed them in on the land side, and the French fleet blocked them up by sea. In the end Cornwallis was forced to surrender with his whole army.

When the news reached England, everyone knew it was useless to struggle longer. Peace was made in 1783, about eight years after the war began. The United States of America had won her freedom, and there was now a new State among the nations.

As soon as the war was ended, Washington bade farewell to his officers and men and went back to his quiet home in Virginia. But before long he was again called upon to serve his country, this time as President of the new nation. After having served for eight years, he went back again to his home to spend his closing years in peace.

Two years later he died, and America mourned the "Father of his Country."

"There is a spot on the Potomac River in Virginia where all the ships that pass toll their bells, so that

across those broad waters and pleasant lands beyond there is never-ceasing music like far-off village chimes.

"The scene is that part of the Potomac where on its high southern bank stands Mount Vernon, the home of Washington. The house remains as he left it, a comfortable country house of a British type. Each room is given over to the keeping of the ladies of one State, and is guarded with care ; all the old-fashioned, simple furniture is in its proper place as on the day when the great man thanked his servants for their kindness, and bade them leave him to die in silence."

#### CHAPTER XXVII.—GIBRALTAR ROCK.

IN the southernmost part of Spain there juts out from the coast a very steep headland called the Rock of Gibraltar. On the land side this rock rises up in a steep cliff very hard to climb. On the west side of the headland is a bay, forming a fine harbour ; and on its shores, at the foot of the mountain, lies the town of Gibraltar, safe from attack except by sea.

In the same month and year that the great Battle of Blenheim was fought, August, 1704, a British fleet, under Admiral Sir George Rooke, with troops on board, happened to come round by Gibraltar. Rooke made up his mind to try to take the place, and landed some men on the narrow strip of land by which the Rock is joined to the mainland.

The Spaniards thought the place so strong that they

had only a garrison of 150 men in it, and these were not keenly on the alert. As the next day was a saint's day they all went to church, feeling quite secure. While they were thus out of the way some British sailors climbed up a steep path to the top of the rock, and there hoisted the British flag.

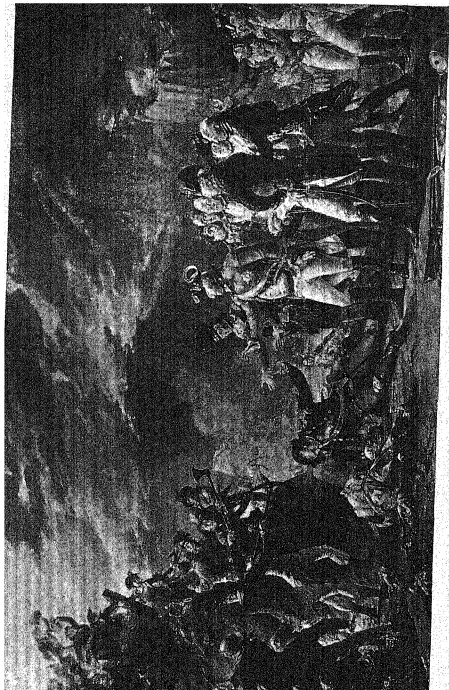
And from that day to this that flag has waved over the Rock of Gibraltar. More than one desperate effort has been made to haul it down, but without success.

What is known as the "great siege" of Gibraltar took place while the war with the American colonies was going on. You will remember that the colonists were greatly helped by France, and that the latter country was afterwards joined by Spain in the struggle with the British. The Spaniards hoped to win back Gibraltar, which, of course, forms part of their country.

The siege began in 1779, and lasted for nearly four years. The British commander was General Eliott, who had under him a force of about 5,000 men. There were ships in the Straits before the Rock, and strong military lines across the narrow neck which joins it to the mainland.

One dark night in November, 1781, the British made a sally and destroyed the first of the enemy's lines. They were also able to blow up the magazine, and thus to weaken the power of attack for a time at least.

In the next year great preparations were made for a grand attack on the stubborn fortress. New batteries were set up on the land side, and on the sea were many flat-bottomed vessels on which large guns were mounted.



GENERAL ELIOTT AT THE SIEGE OF GIBRALTAR.

*(From an engraving after J. Trumbull.)*



Covered boats were also made ready to land a force of 40,000 men.

Then the assault began by land and sea. For six days there was a furious bombardment from all sides. But it was of no avail. The British set fire to the floating batteries by firing red-hot balls from their cannon. They also burnt some of the enemy's ships by the same means. The French and Spaniards were beaten off, and the loss on the British side was only sixteen killed and sixty-eight wounded.

When the night fell the sight of the burning ships and the terrified cries of the men on board filled the brave defenders with manly pity. Then Eliott sent men to help the enemy, and they were able to save a great number from a fearful death.

Not long afterwards Gibraltar was relieved. A British fleet, under Lord Howe, came to the rescue. The French and Spanish went away, and the long siege was over.

#### CHAPTER XXVIII.—WARREN HASTINGS.

SIX years after the death of Clive an officer was placed over the British lands in India, who was known as the Governor-General. The first to hold this office was Warren Hastings. He had a hard task before him, but he was a man of strong purpose ; and though he made mistakes, he is remembered as one of the greatest of those great men who have from time to time ruled for Britain in India.

Before his time the taxes had been collected in such a way that the tax-gatherers had grown rich at the expense of the country. Hastings chose honest men for the work. The tax-payers were no longer oppressed, and the money found its way, not into the pockets of the collectors, but to those whose duty it was to use it for the good of the people. One rich banker who was guilty of forgery was put to death in spite of his great wealth and power.

There was a great deal of fighting in India during the time that Hastings ruled there. Up in the north-west there was an Afghan tribe known as the Rohillas, who were a source of great trouble to the people of Northern India. The native prince who suffered most from them was the Nabob of Oude ; and when he wished to put them down he hired British troops from Hastings to help him. In this way the Governor-General made a large sum of money, though not for himself.

We must not forget that he was really the officer, not of the King of England and the Parliament, but of the East India Company. This was, as we know, a company of traders who, of course, wished to make money. They were constantly telling Hastings that profits must be made, and he often took strange ways of keeping them quiet. This hiring out of British troops was one of them, and for this he was at a later time very much blamed, as we shall see.

To the east of Bombay lay the native State of the Mahrattas, over which the Company wished to rule. So they found a prince who wished to be ruler of all

the Mahratta tribes, and gave him British soldiers to help him in his plans. But the other chiefs banded together, and fought not only with him, but with the Company's troops near Bombay.

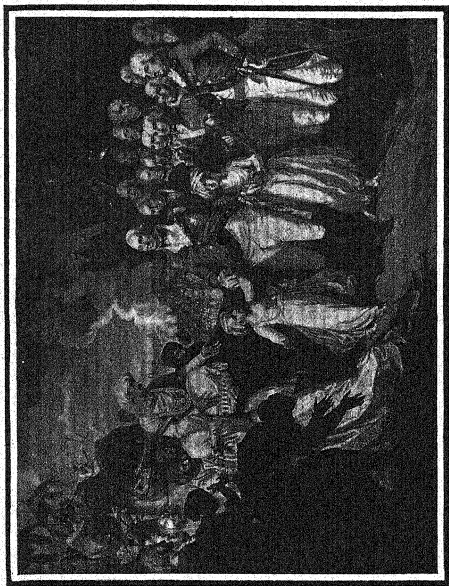
Hastings was at Calcutta, and when he saw the danger of Bombay he marched an army right across the Peninsula. The chiefs were forced to make peace, but the Company did not make vassals of them.

While this was going on, the American colonies were fighting the British troops, as we have seen in Chapters XXV. and XXVI. The French helped the American colonists, and those in India began to take their part in the war by doing what they could to annoy the British.

They could not stand against the British troops in India, for they were few in number. In fact, Hastings found it very easy to take their Indian settlements, such as Pondicherry, from them. But they set to work to stir up against the British one of the most active of the native princes, who was known as Hyder Ali. He had built up a great empire in the south of India; and while the troops of Hastings were fighting the Mahrattas, he made up his mind to attack Madras.

So he sent his troops of horse in large numbers into the country round about Madras, and they destroyed all the villages for miles around. Hastings did his best to deal with the new danger. Money was wanted to pay certain other native princes to fight on our side, and he raised it in ways for which he was afterwards severely blamed.

He asked one of the princes of Northern India for



CORNWALLIS RECEIVING THE TWO SONS OF TIPPOO SAHIB AS HOSTAGES.  
*(From an engraving after M. Brown.)*

help, but the latter said he was penniless. Hastings knew that the father of this prince had left great treasure, and asked where it was. It had been left, though against the law, to the wife and mother of the dead prince, and he asked Hastings to allow him to take it from these princesses. Leave was granted, and the money was secured after the servants of the old ladies had been very cruelly treated. In this way the prince obtained a large sum, which he handed over to Hastings.

Hastings now sent a brave British general, Sir Eyre Coote, to do battle with the army of Hyder Ali. A great fight took place, and the troops of the Indian prince were broken and scattered. Not long afterwards Hyder Ali died, and his son, Tippoo Sultan, ruled in his stead. The new prince was very cruel, and not nearly such a good leader as his father had been.

Warren Hastings now laid down his work. He had saved our Indian Empire at a time when the largest number of our troops were engaged in the great struggle with the American colonies. But when he got home again he found that his enemies had taken away his good name. Certain men who hated him said that he had been cruel and unjust in his ruling of India; and they made many people believe their stories.

Hastings was therefore brought to trial, and the examination into his work lasted for six years. He had been harsh, as we have seen, but he was not the monster and tyrant that his enemies said he was. And

when the end of the long trial came the judges said he was not guilty. But the expense of the trial had ruined Hastings, and the last years of his life were very unhappy.

The new Governor-General was a British soldier who had fought and been beaten in the American War—Lord Cornwallis. During his time Tippoo Sultan was a great source of trouble to the British.

At last Cornwallis made up his mind to crush him, and he got a number of the native princes to come to his help. He forced his way into the heart of the Sultan's kingdom and beat him in a pitched battle.

Then he moved forward to attack his capital, and beat back his troops at Seringapatam. The city was just about to fall into the hands of the British when Tippoo came out and begged for peace.

He bought peace and safety for himself at the price of about one-half of his kingdom. A large portion was added to Madras, while the rest of the captured land was given to native princes who were friendly to the British.

This took place at the time when stirring events were happening in France. The great Revolution had broken out, and soon we were to engage with France in the greatest war we have ever fought in our history.

## CHAPTER XXIX.—NELSON AS A WARDEN OF EMPIRE.

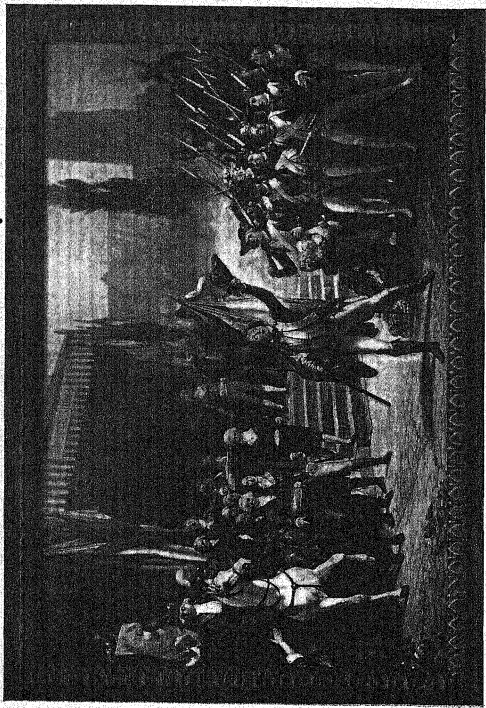
ABOUT ten years after the war in America, Britain was plunged into another and far more terrible struggle, which lasted for twenty-two years. Our country has never been in greater danger than during that time.

This great war arose out of what is called the French Revolution. For many years France had been badly governed. The people were heavily taxed to pay for the wars such as that in which Wolfe won Canada ; but the nobles were excused from paying any taxes at all.

At last the people of Paris rose against their rulers. The King, Louis XVI., was made a prisoner. Then the peasants all over France began to plunder and burn the country houses of the nobles.

At this time the Prime Minister in our country was William Pitt, a son of the great statesman who had sent Wolfe to "take Quebec." He was only twenty-four years of age, but he was as great a man as his father. He saw that England needed a rest after her late wars. But when the French had put their King to death, even he could not prevent war from breaking out.

A few months later the French Queen was also beheaded. Every day batches of nobles, men and women, aged people and young children, were sent off in carts to execution. The whole of France was in a fearful condition, and the other countries of Europe



THE ENROLMENT OF FRENCH VOLUNTEERS IN 1792.  
(From the painting by Finckon. *Newspaper Photo.*)



banded against her. But in time all except Britain made peace, and we were left to carry on the great struggle single-handed.

It was at this time that Napoleon Bonaparte rose to power. He entered the French army when a boy, and quickly rose to be a general. Then he led the armies of France from one country of Europe to another, and made them submit to him. In time he rose to be Emperor of the French; and now his great aim was to humble Britain, which so far had been the only country of Western Europe to stand up against him.

In the struggle with Napoleon we had many brave leaders both by land and sea. One of the bravest was Nelson, whom one of our poets calls "the greatest sailor since the world began." The French wished to gain command of the sea. In this way they hoped to check British trade, and to cut us off from our colonies. But their fleets were beaten again and again by the British Admirals, among whom were some of the finest fighting-men the world has ever seen.

Then they made a plan to send a force to Ireland, where they hoped to raise up the people against the British. But this plan did not come to anything.

Napoleon then formed yet another scheme for doing harm to Britain. He said he would march his armies into Egypt, hoping to cut us off from India, and thus take from us what he thought was the great source of our riches. He therefore set out with a fleet along the Mediterranean and took Malta on the way, meaning to make it a kind of stepping-stone to Egypt and so to India.

At last he landed at Alexandria, and very soon overran the whole of Egypt. Firmly placed there, he said he would found a great "Empire of the East." So he sent to Tippoo Sultan, of whom we have heard, and ordered him to make attacks upon the British.

Meanwhile Nelson was sailing up and down the Mediterranean, trying to find out where Napoleon had gone. At last he found the French ships lying at anchor in a long line in Aboukir Bay. There was very little room between them and the low sandy coast. But Nelson boldly sent half his ships inside the enemy's line, and kept the other half outside. In this way each French vessel was attacked on both sides at once.

The battle raged all night long, and Nelson was slightly wounded. A surgeon at once ran up to attend to him. "No," said the Admiral, "I will take my turn with my brave fellows." While he was lying in his cabin he heard that the French Admiral's ship was on fire; and, wounded as he was, he went up on deck and gave orders that the boats should be lowered to rescue as many of the French as possible.

The French fought very bravely, but eleven of their thirteen ships were taken or burned, and the victory was complete. The Battle of the Nile was one of the greatest sea-fights in our history. After this Napoleon and his army were prisoners in Egypt, and he soon had to give up his great plans in the East. He made his way back to France alone, where, in spite of what had happened, his power was greater than ever.

After awhile he agreed to make peace with Britain;

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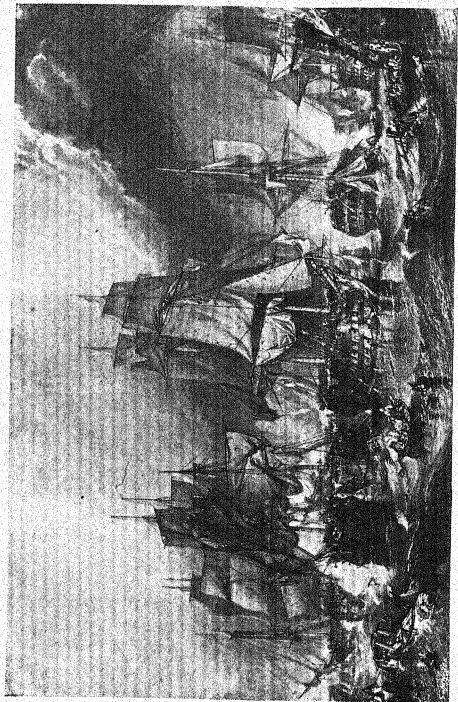
but this was only because he wanted time to prepare for the invasion of our island home. After a rest of thirteen months war broke out again, as he meant that it should.

He now collected a great army of his best troops and hundreds of boats at Boulogne, and thought it would be very easy some calm, foggy night to get his soldiers across the Channel. "It is but a ditch," he said, "and anyone can cross it who has the courage to try."

There was great excitement in England and not a little fear. A large army of volunteers was enrolled; but their services were never required. The British admirals were too much on the alert for that.

Napoleon began to understand that he must have a powerful fleet to protect the crossing of his large army. At last he got the Spanish King, who had a great navy, to join him in the war against England. At the same time a French fleet, which Nelson had been keeping prisoner in a certain port, managed to get out. In his last and greatest battle Nelson had to fight these two fleets together.

This was the world-famous Battle of Trafalgar, which took its name from a cape on the south coast of Spain. The enemy had thirty-three ships to his twenty-seven. But he had most of his old captains with him; and it was an age of great sailors. They understood his plans exactly; while every man in the fleet knew his station and what he had to do. At eleven in the morning Nelson ran up his famous signal, "England expects that every man will do his duty."



THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.—W. C. STANFIELD, R.A.  
(By permission of Messrs. H. Graves and Co., Limited.)

Before the great day was ended the enemy's fleet was beaten and shattered. But Nelson lay dead on board the *Victory*, having given his life for his beloved country, after the manner of the heroes of all ages.

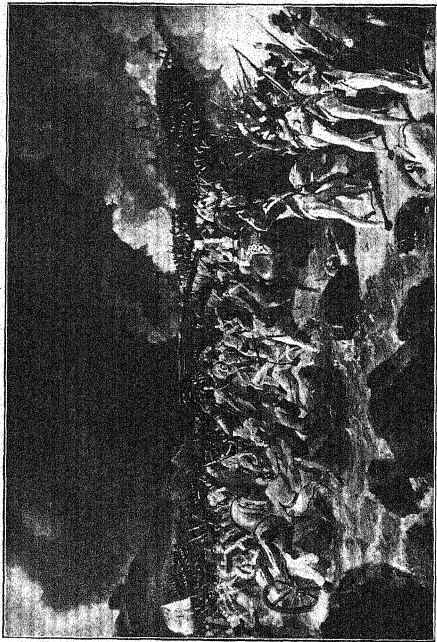
Let us not forget the place of the great fight at Trafalgar in the history of our Empire across the seas. While the French fleet was strong and numerous our colonies and dependencies were open to attack; but when it was beaten and dispersed our lands across the seas were to a great extent safe from harm. So we can truly look upon Nelson, not only as fighting for the homeland, but also for the British homes beyond the sea.

### CHAPTER XXX.—WELLINGTON AS EMPIRE-MAKER—I.

EVERY British boy and girl has heard of Arthur Wellesley, the great Duke of Wellington, who beat Napoleon at the Battle of Waterloo about one hundred years ago. He was one of our most famous soldiers, and has been called the "Iron Duke."

He began his work as a soldier in India, where his brother was Governor-General. And in the battles which he fought there he was really fighting against the French, who got several of the native princes to fight for them. One of these was Tippoo Sultan, of whom we have already read.

This prince was known to be making certain plans with the French, which did not please the British.



THE ATTACK ON SERINGAPATAM.  
(From an engraving after S. W. Reynolds.)



So a letter was sent to him reminding him of the fact. In his reply the wily prince said that the French were "full of vice and deceit," and were "the enemies of mankind." He said that he was surprised that the word "war" should be mentioned to such a lover of peace as himself, who "stayed at home taking the air, and amused himself with hunting in his pleasure-grounds."

Wellesley's opinion of this letter was that the native prince was planning to gain time so that he could see what was going on in Europe and Egypt. For it was at this time that Napoleon had landed in Egypt, as we saw in our last chapter. And he was right. Less than six months after the Battle of the Nile the British were fighting with Tippoo Sultan.

Their great object was to gain possession of Seringapatam, which stood on an island formed by the Cauvery and was strongly fortified. The force which marched against this place was in command of two generals under whom Wellesley served as colonel.

Soon the town was surrounded, Tippoo was a prisoner, and everything was ready for the attack. The British General made up his mind to storm the place at noon, when he knew most of the native soldiers would be resting.

When the signal was given, the British crossed the stream, swarmed through a breach which their guns had made in the wall, and set up their flag on the citadel. In two hours the place was won. Tippoo hastily got together his men and faced the British with true bravery. He fell fighting to the last.

The first of the British to reach the breach in the wall was a brave Scotsman, a private named Graham. As soon as he got to the top of the wall he pulled off his hat, and cried, "Success to *Lieutenant* Graham!" Then, seizing the flag, he planted it firmly upon the wall, crying, "I'll show them the British flag!" Scarcely were the words out of his mouth when he fell dead beside the colours, shot through the head.

Wellesley was now made Governor of the place. The British soldiers, after the storming of the town, had taken to plundering, and there were scenes of wild disorder. The governor sternly punished the ring-leaders, and soon the place was quiet again. Tippoo Sultan was buried with all due honour and respect.

Now, Tippoo had kept as a prisoner in his fortress a certain Mahratta soldier, who had lived as a free-booter, and been the terror of many a native ruler. He was set free by the British, and at once took to his wild life again. He was known as Dhoondiah Waugh.

After a time this man began to be a source of danger to Seringapatam. The number of his men grew greater and greater, until at last he had quite an army at his back. While he was at large there could be no peace, and the Governor of Madras wrote to Wellesley: "You are to pursue the robber wherever you may find him, and to hang him on the first tree."

At once the colonel took to the field and marched on the camp of Dhoondiah, which lay near the Kistna. The latter fled to the north, but his force was caught by the British and badly beaten. He himself escaped with part of his army, and for more than a month he

led our men a weary chase through thick jungles and over swollen rivers, for it was the rainy season.

At last Wellesley heard that his enemy was only about nine miles away.

"The night was so bad and the horses and men so weary with the day's march that he halted till dawn. After an anxious night he moved out in the morning. Dhoondiah had also started, and to his amazement saw his dreaded foe across his path.

"Wellesley, forming his four regiments into one line, and, leading the way, dashed into the enemy's ranks. The action was short. Dhoondiah was killed, and his death ended the war. In his camp his little son was found and rescued by the Colonel, who took him into his charge, and when he quitted India he left some hundreds of pounds to be expended on the boy, of whom he was often mindful in after years."

So ended the career of Dhoondiah, who, if he had not been checked, might have made himself master of a large part of Southern India.

Not long after this Wellesley was sent to Ceylon to take command of a small army which had been got together there. News had reached India that Napoleon had overrun Egypt, and it was thought that the French would soon be able to send an army to India. Wellesley got his men ready and had them taken to Bombay, thinking that this city would make the best base.

This force was then sent across the sea to Egypt, but Wellesley did not go with it. He went back to Seringapatam, where he stayed for two years, ready

for any duty that might come in his way. He ruled his province well, drilled his soldiers, saw that the natives were well treated, and eagerly waited for news from Europe, where great events were taking place.

Then once more he had a chance of showing his quality as a leader. But we must not think that he had been eagerly wishing for it. Soldier as he was, he hated war with all its horrors. "Nothing," he once said, "is more horrible than a victory, except a defeat."

#### CHAPTER XXXI.—WELLINGTON AS EMPIRE-MAKER—II.

THE British were now about to engage in a struggle with the chiefs of the Mahrattas. One of these, named Holkar, had his capital at Poona, where he ruled in a very cruel manner. Against him Wellesley, now a Major-General, marched from the south. He was driven out of Poona, and a chief friendly to the British was placed upon his throne.

Another Mahratta chief, known as Scindia, was the next to engage the attention of the British. He pretended to be friendly to them, yet he got together a large army, which he joined to that of another native prince. "If you are friendly to us," wrote the British general, "take your troops back beyond the Nerbudda."

Scindia and his ally said they would fall back when Wellesley had gone back to Seringapatam. The reply was short and sharp. "I offered you peace; you have chosen war, and must take what follows."

At once the British column was marched up to

Scindia's fortress. There was a sharp battle, but in two days the British troops marched into what was the strongest post in the country.

Then Wellesley marched north through very rough country, and came upon an army of Mahrattas of more than 40,000. He himself had about 5,000 men, and only two-fifths of his force were Europeans. Yet he made up his mind to attack, and at once. Not far away was the fortified village of Assaye, from which the battle that followed takes its name.

The battle began a little after three in the afternoon, and lasted for about three hours. So well did the British general handle his men, and so well did they carry out his plans, that the native army was completely beaten, and more than a hundred guns were taken.

We must not forget, too, that before beginning the fight the British soldiers had marched through rough country a distance of twenty-four miles !

The war went on for three months longer, but Wellington's victory at Assaye had broken the back of the enemy. Yet he kept his men, as he said, "ready to go anywhere and do anything."

There was plenty of work for them to do ; for Scindia and the other chiefs of the Mahrattas did all they could to take him by surprise. His men had many a weary mile of rough marching, but they went through it well, partly because they were well looked after by their careful General. He knew that he could not get much work out of men who were ill-fed, badly-shod, and worked without rest.

At one time Wellesley found the enemy strongly

posted in a certain place called Argaum, where he wished to pitch his own camp. He made up his mind to attack at once, and moved his men forward in two long lines. But the hearts of the Sepoys who fought on his side failed them at the moment of attack.

They took fright, and faced about, and it was only with great difficulty that the General was able to put fresh heart into them. At last they turned again, and before long were helping to drive the enemy from the field.

The General himself led the British horse to the charge, but the sun went down before the fight was over. Soon, however, the moon was shining brightly, and by its light the rest of the work was done. A large number of guns were taken, as well as a great quantity of powder and shot.

After this the war came quickly to an end, and it left the British stronger than ever in India. Wellesley now left the country for home, having played his part well and nobly in the work of Empire-building in the East.

The kind of fighting in which he had been engaged went on in India long after he left the country. But little by little the greater part of the land came under the rule of the British. Many of the native princes were left on their thrones, but they were, as a rule, made to look upon the British as the holders of the chief power in the country.

That power was used in order to rule the country well. The natives were, and are, well treated by British officers, and if they pay taxes, the money is used for the good of the country, and does not go into the pockets of the British.

## CHAPTER XXXII.—THE COLONY AT THE CAPE.

WE have seen in an earlier chapter how Cape Colony was discovered by the sailors of Portugal, and later settled by the Dutch. The settlers had many a stubborn fight with the black natives of South Africa, the Hottentots and Bushmen, but little by little they drove them back to the north and east.

They hunted down the wild beasts, built towns, laid out roads, tilled the land, planted vines and the trees of Europe, and later took to sheep-farming with great success.

In time they were joined by a large number of French settlers, who were driven out of their country because they were Protestants. These Huguenots, as they were called, settled down with the Dutch "boers," or farmers, and lived in every way as they did. They were all careful, hard-working, and peace-loving colonists.

Just before the French Revolution a traveller from Europe paid a visit to the Cape, and wrote an account of the farm-life of the Boers. He writes :

"At about ten o'clock I took shelter from the rain in a farmhouse, where I found the female slaves singing psalms while they were at their needlework. Their master, being filled with a zeal for religion, had prevailed upon them to adopt this godly custom. But he had not allowed them to become Christians, for then they would have gained their freedom, and then he would have lost their services.

"This Boer was born in Berlin, and had been mate

of a ship in the East Indies. We entered into conversation upon every subject that could be thought of. My throat was very dry from the dust of the journey, and my stomach was tormented with hunger. My thirst was quenched by a couple of glasses of native wine, but, being ashamed to say I was hungry, I was forced to go without food.

"I went out again to search for new plants among the shrubs and bushes with which this country is almost entirely covered. Hardly a stick of wood—indeed, scarcely any wild tree—is to be seen here. The soil is to all appearance mostly a dry, barren sand or gravel; yet in this district, so full of hillocks, there are certain dales covered with mould, and yielding a good harvest to a few peasants, who grow lemon, orange, and pomegranate trees.

"At three in the afternoon I arrived at the house of Farmer Van der Spoei, who was a widower and an African born. Without seeming to take the least notice, he stood stock-still in the house-passage, waiting for my coming up; then he did not stir a single step to meet me, but, taking me by the hand, greeted me with: *'Good-day! Welcome! How are you? Who are you? A glass of wine? A pipe of tobacco? Will you eat anything?'*

"I answered his questions in the same order as he put them, and at the same time accepted of his offer of food. His daughter, a clever, well-behaved girl about twelve or fourteen years of age, set on the table a fine breast of lamb, with stewed carrots for sauce; and after dinner she offered me tea with so good a grace that I



hardly knew which to prefer, my entertainment or my fair attendant.

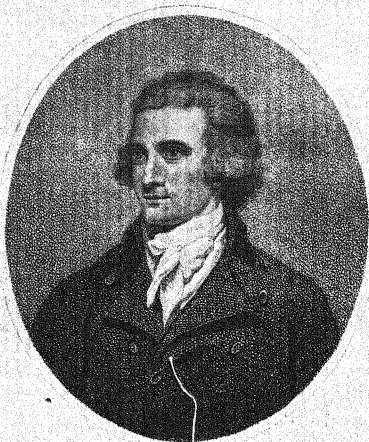
"I several times spoke to my host in order to break in upon his silence. His answers were short and discreet, but he never began the conversation himself, except when he asked me to stay with them that night. However, I took leave of him, much pleased with a kindness so uncommon and so undeserved on my part."

When we went to war with Napoleon, Holland was on the side of the French. Now, Cape Colony was on the way to India, and formed a place of call of great value to sailors. So important a place could not be allowed to fall into the hands of Napoleon. It was therefore taken over by the British.

But when Napoleon made the peace which he used to get ready to invade England, the Colony at the Cape was given back to Holland. Then the war broke out again, and a British fleet was sent out to Table Bay. The Cape Dutch fought well, helped by large bodies of the natives. But the British took over the colony, which has formed part of the Empire ever since. When peace was made with Napoleon in the year before Waterloo, Cape Colony became British once and for all.

#### CHAPTER XXXIII.—MUNGO PARK ON THE NIGER.

IN Western Africa there is a wide tract of land ruled by the British which goes by the name of Nigeria. The chief pioneer of Empire in this part of the world was a famous traveller named Mungo Park.



MUNGO PARK, THE AFRICAN TRAVELLER.

Like Livingstone, the great explorer of Central Africa of a later time, Park was a Scotsman. His father was a farmer in Selkirkshire, and the boy was educated at the grammar school in Selkirk. He was a great credit to his teachers, and was very fond of reading. When he grew up he was sent to Edinburgh to study medicine.

He became a doctor on a ship sailing to the East Indies, and was away from home for a year. When he came back, he found that a suitable man was wanted to go out to Africa and explore the great River Niger, of which at that time very little was known. He offered his services, which were at once accepted, and at the age of twenty-four he set out on the great mission of his life.

The account of his travels on the Niger is told in his "Travels in Africa," one of the books which every British boy and girl ought to know. He explored the great river for some hundreds of miles, and mapped out its course for the use of future travellers. He made two journeys to this part of Africa, and from the second he never returned.

On the first journey he started from the Gambia, and struck eastward to the region of the Niger. In six months' time, after many weary days of travel and many perils and adventures, he reached the river he had been sent to explore.

He learnt a great deal on the way of the manners and customs of the negroes who lived in the Niger region, and it is his account of these people which makes his book so interesting. He saw, too, a great deal of the

horrors of the slave trade which was carried on by the Moors of the north of the continent. Some of the saddest pages of his book tell of the sufferings of the wretched slaves.

At one time Park found himself alone in a sandy wilderness without either food or water. The scorching sun beat down upon him, and he felt ready to faint. Coming to a tree, he climbed up in the hope of seeing in the distance some sign of human life ; but all he could see was a number of hillocks of white sand, with thick bushes here and there.

About four o'clock he met with a large herd of goats led by two Moorish boys. They told him that there was no water to be had anywhere, and the traveller by this time was beginning to suffer the awful agonies of thirst. He went on, and after awhile climbed another tree ; but all he could see was a plain of sand and a distant horizon as unbroken as that of the sea.

When he came down he sank on the sand in a half-fainting condition. " Here, then," he said to himself, " is the end of all my efforts ; here must the short span of my life come to an end." Soon he fainted, and when he came to himself he found that evening was far advanced. Toward the north-east the thunder-clouds had gathered, and there was every sign of rain.

Once more he pushed on, and soon, to his great joy, the rain began to fall. He quenched his thirst by wringing and sucking his clothes. The night was very dark, but he went on with fresh heart, and before long saw a light among some trees.

He had come to a watering-place where a party of

Moors had encamped. But Park had already suffered much from the Moors, and did not wish to be caught by them, and perhaps sold into slavery. He tried to get near to a well to quench his thirst without being seen, but a woman saw him and screamed out. As quickly as he could he made his way into the woods.

"About a mile from this place," he tells us, "I heard a loud noise to the right of me, and was happy to find it was the croaking of frogs, which was heavenly music in my ears. I followed the sound, and at day-break arrived at some shallow, muddy pools, so full of frogs that it was difficult to see the water.

"The noise they made frightened my horse, and I was obliged to keep them quiet by beating the water with a branch until he had drank. Having here quenched my thirst, I climbed a tree, and, the morning being calm, I saw the smoke of the watering-place which I had passed in the night, and another pillar of smoke east-south-east twelve or fourteen miles away. Towards the latter I turned my face." After awhile he came to a village and asked for food at the head-man's hut. But he was refused any, and as he turned sadly away he came to some lowly huts by the roadside.

"At the door of one of these," he writes, "an old, motherly-looking woman sat spinning cotton. I made signs to her that I was hungry, and asked if she had any food with her in the hut. She at once laid down her work, and begged me in Arabic to come in. When I had seated myself upon the floor, she set before me some food, of which I made a good meal ; and in return

for this kindness I gave her one of my pocket-handkerchiefs, begging at the same time a little corn for my horse, which she readily brought me."

On Park's second journey he took with him a party of soldiers and workmen, as well as a large quantity of goods with which to buy food from the natives. Some time went by, and nothing was heard of the party. Then after a time the news came that they had been set upon by a party of natives and killed. But Park's journal of the expedition was saved, and was published in 1815, the year of the great Battle of Waterloo.

#### CHAPTER XXXIV.—DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE was a famous explorer and missionary in Africa. He opened out the way into a part of that country which has since been added to the British Empire. He is one of Scotland's most famous sons, and a man of whom all Britons are proud.

Livingstone was born in 1813 at the town of Blantyre, on the Clyde, where his father was a tradesman. There were four other children besides David, and he would often help his mother in her household duties. "Mother, if you will bar the door, I will scrub the floor," he would often say; and in after years, when he was a famous man, his mother would tell how, when he swept the floor, he always swept "under the mat."

The boy had very little schooling, and was sent to work at the age of ten; for his father's business was small, and what little help David could bring was very

welcome. So he started life in a cotton-mill, where he worked from six in the morning till eight in the evening.

In after years he often told how proud he felt of the first half-crown earned by his own labour. It was taken home and laid in his mother's lap. With part of it a Latin Grammar was bought, and the little book became the boy's constant companion. When his long day's work was over he attended a night-school from eight to ten. Then he would go home, and sit up studying or reading often till midnight.

Books of science and travel were his delight, and the reading of the latter made him long to travel in foreign lands beyond the sea. He therefore made up his mind to become a missionary.

His work left him no time for attending college classes. He therefore worked later in the summer months to get the money for classes in the winter. Then he went to Glasgow, hired a humble lodging, and attended the classes at the University. He studied medicine besides other things, and became a doctor. When his studies were over he was sent out to Africa.

He landed at Cape Town in the year 1841—that is, in the early part of Queen Victoria's reign. Then he set out in an ox-waggon for the north. "I like this travelling very much indeed," he wrote home; "there is so much freedom. We pitch our tent, make our fire, wherever we choose; walk, ride, or shoot at all sorts of game; but there is one drawback: we cannot study or read as we please, and I wish to get on with the language."

He settled for awhile at a place just beyond the Vaal



David Livingstone



River, and soon had numerous friends among the natives of those parts, whom he taught and doctored. He made many journeys round about his new home, and was filled with zeal for what he called in another letter to his friends his "glorious work."

He next moved on to Mabotsa, due west of Pretoria, on the western border of what is now the Transvaal. Here he built a house, and worked for three years. Here also he had his famous adventure with the lion, of which he tells us in his "Travels."\* A daughter of another famous missionary—Dr. Moffat—became his wife, and after a time the young couple went still further north to carry on the work to which they had given their lives.

Livingstone made many journeys into the interior of the country, and his first work as an explorer was the discovery of Lake Ngami, to the north of the Kalahari Desert. Later he pushed still farther north, and struck a great river, now known as the Zambesi. Then, after sending his wife and young family to England, he set out on the journeys which led to the opening up of routes from the heart of Africa, to both the east and west coasts.

From the neighbourhood of the Victoria Falls on the Zambesi, above which a railway bridge was opened in 1905, he travelled to the north-west through lands which no white man had ever crossed before him. He came out on the west coast of the continent at Loanda.

He took with him a number of native carriers, and in his "Travels" he tells us how the party was ar-

\* See "Steps to Literature," Book IV., p. 148.

ranged. "I had three muskets for my people, and a rifle and shot-gun for myself. My ammunition was distributed among the packages, so that we might not be left without a supply. Our chief hopes of food were in our guns.

"I carried twenty pounds of beads worth forty shillings, a few biscuits, a few pounds of tea and sugar, and about twenty pounds of coffee. One small tin box was filled with spare clothes to be used when we reached civilized life, another with medicines, a third with books, and a fourth with a magic lantern, which we found of much service.

"A bag contained the clothes we expected to wear out on the journey, which, with a small tent, a sheep-skin for a blanket, and a horse-rug for use as a bed, made up the whole of my belongings. A great deal of baggage would, without doubt, have aroused the envy and ill-feeling of the natives through whose country we wished to pass."

When the party, after many weary days and exciting adventures, came at last to the sea, the natives were filled with wonder. "We were marching along with our father," they said, "believing that the world had no end; but all at once the world said to us, 'I am finished; there is no more of me.'"

Setting out again after a short rest, Livingstone crossed the continent from sea to sea, following the Zambesi to a place near its mouth. He found out many things on the way, which have proved to be of great use to many people, and opened out new trading places for the white men.

After about a year spent in England he set out again, and made another journey up the Zambesi to the Victoria Falls. He also discovered the great Lake Nyassa, and explored the country to the west and south of it.

Once again he set out, and travelled to Lake Tanganyika, right in the heart of Africa, and to the river Lualaba, which he thought was the upper stream of the Nile. On this journey many of his men deserted him ; he lost his medicine-chest, and was unable to ward off the attacks of fever which visited him, and had to face many perils from the natives and from floods.

At last a report was set about that he was dead, and several parties were sent out in search of him, but without success. Then, in 1871, Mr. Henry Stanley set out with an expedition, and found him at Ujiji, on the eastern shore of Lake Tanganyika. He was very ill, and Stanley wished to bring him home ; but he was set upon finding the head-waters of the Nile. Stanley therefore left him, though sorely against his will. He tells the story of their parting in his book :\*

“ At dawn we were up. The bales and baggage were taken outside, and the men prepared themselves for their first march homewards. We had a sad breakfast together. I could not eat, my heart was too full ; nor did my companion seem to have an appetite.

“ We found something to do which kept us together. At eight I was not gone, and I had thought to have been off at five. ‘ Doctor, I’ll leave two of my men.

\* “ How I found Livingstone,” by H. M. Stanley.

Maybe you've forgotten something in the hurry. I'll halt a day at Tara for your last word and your last wish. Now we must part. There's no help for it. Good-bye.'

" 'Oh, I'm coming with you a little way. I must see you on the road.'

" 'Thank you. Now, my men, home! Lift the flag. March!'

" On the walk Livingstone once more told his plans, and it was settled that his men should be hired for two years, to give ample time for him to finish his work.

" 'Now, my dear doctor, the best friends must part. You have come far enough.'

" 'Well, I will say this to you: you have done what few men could do—far better than some great travellers I know. And I am grateful to you for what you have done for me. God guide you safely home, and bless you, my friend!'

" 'And may God bring you safe back to us all, my dear friend! Farewell!'

" 'Farewell!'

" We wrung each other's hands, and I had to tear myself away before I was unmanned. But all the doctor's faithful fellows all shook and kissed my hands; before I could quite turn away I broke down."

Stanley set his face to the eastward, but now and then looked round at the deserted figure of an old man in gray clothes, who with bended head and slow steps was returning to his solitude. A drop in the path came which would hide him from view.

"I took one more look at him," writes Stanley.

“ He was standing near the gate of the village with his servants near him. I waved a handkerchief to him, and he returned by lifting his cap.”

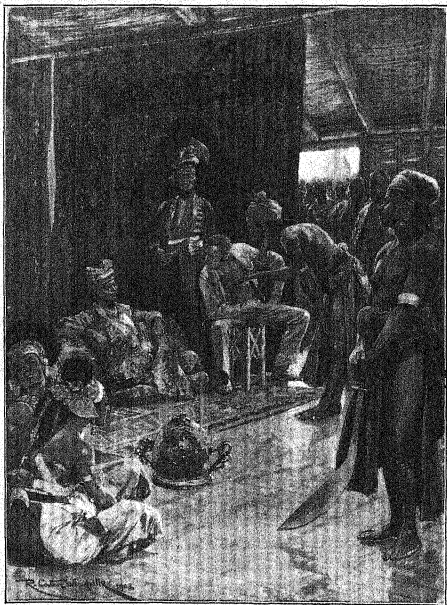
This was the last sight of Livingstone by a white man. He set out on his travels once more, and with great difficulty reached Ulala, where he died in a native hut, watched tenderly to the last by his faithful followers.

His body was carried by these kindly blacks right across the eastern half of the continent to Zanzibar. From thence it was shipped to England, and laid with honour in Westminster Abbey. He was an Empire-maker in a double sense ; for he sought not only to serve his Queen and country, but also to extend the empire of the Heavenly King, whom he served so well.

#### CHAPTER XXXV.—THE STORY OF RAJAH BROOKE.

IN the early years of last century there was a boy at Norwich Grammar School who was destined to have a life as full of adventure as ever fell to the lot of anyone. This was James Brooke, the son of an East Indian officer. He was a favourite among his schoolfellows, who loved him for his daring and generous spirit. One day a playmate of his fell into the Wensum, and at great risk to his own life young Brooke jumped in and saved him.

Among Brooke's school-fellows at Norwich were two at least who afterwards became noted men.



BROOKE MAKING HIS FIRST TREATY WITH THE SULTAN OF BORNEO.

*(From a drawing by R. C. Woodville, R.I.)*

One was John Crome, who became a famous landscape artist. One of his paintings, now in a London gallery, shows the great heath just outside Norwich, on which the boys must often have roamed. Another was George Borrow, who led a wandering life among gipsies and in many strange lands, and who wrote a number of interesting books, which you will no doubt read some day.

At the age of sixteen Brooke went to India, and became a cadet in the army of the Company. Before long he was in Assam taking part in the fighting which was then going on. He was badly wounded, and came home to England on furlough. But not long afterwards he was back again in India, and visited our possessions in what is known as Further India. When he was thirty-two years of age his father died, and left him a fortune of thirty thousand pounds. Brooke at once spent a large sum in buying and fitting out a schooner, in which he intended to sail to the south-east of Asia, and engage in the work of putting down the pirates who infested those seas.

He first made a trial trip to Southern Europe. Then he set out for the Far East, and in due time landed at Kuching, in Sarawak, a native State in the north-west of the island of Borneo. At that time a rebellion against the Sultan of those parts was going on, but Brooke did not at first engage in the fighting. He surveyed a great part of the coast and made friends with the natives, who learned to like him for his boyish good-nature and his feats of strength.

Returning home once more, he got ready for another

expedition to the same place, and set out again in 1840. The rebellion against the Sultan was still going on, and this time Brooke helped to restore order. Then the Sultan at Brunei offered to make him rajah or ruler of Sarawak, and Brooke agreed to take the work of government in hand.

He ruled well and wisely, and showed the natives what British love of fairness really meant. He acted as his own judge, and was at all times ready to hear the complaints of his people, and to right the wronged. A great deal of his time was spent in putting down slavery, and in this noble work he won much success. He ruled firmly, but always kindly, winning the love and reverence of the fierce and warlike people who looked to him as their sovereign. "The son of Europe," they would often say, "is the friend of the Dyaks."

But the great work of the rajah's life was the hunting down of the pirates of the seas near Singapore. In this difficult task he was greatly aided by Captain Keppel, the brave commander of H.M.S. *Dido*, which was at that time cruising in East Indian waters.

Many of the pirate strongholds up the rivers were raided and burnt to the ground. At one time Brooke and Keppel got together a large force of Malays and Dyaks to attack a pirate town some miles up a river. They took with them also a party of men from the *Dido*. The whole force numbered about eight hundred men in all, who were embarked in the pinnace, cutters, and gig of the *Dido* and one large native boat.

The boats were rowed up the river for a whole day,



and when night came on they hid by the side of the stream. No one came to disturb them during the night, but in the distance they could hear the beating of native gongs, which only served to keep up their courage for the next day's fighting.

Next morning the boats went on up the river as soon as the flood-tide had set in. Brooke was with Keppel in the pinnace, and before long they came within sight of a hill with a fortified house on the top, upon which a large number of men were going through a native war-dance.

As the boats drew near, hundreds of warriors sprang up from the long grass by the side of the river, but the men from the *Dido* fired a few shots at them, and then pushed on once more. Before long they came to a boom stretched right across the stream, but Keppel sighted a narrow opening in it, and to this he steered his gig.

The boat was squeezed through; the pinnace followed. Then the attacking party found themselves faced by three forts armed with guns. Out sprang the bluejackets upon the bank of the river, and with a cheer rushed at one of the forts. The defenders at once forsook it and took to the jungle. Then the sailors, with their native allies, rushed on to the pirate town not far away. Before long it was burnt to the ground, as well as the villages round about it.

This is only a sample of many fights of the same kind which helped to clear the seas to the south-east of Asia of the cruel and bloodthirsty pirates.

After awhile Brooke paid a visit to England, and was

received with great honour. He was taken to see Queen Victoria, who was very kind to him. She told him that she could not understand how he managed to rule so well the fierce natives of the Eastern seas. "Your Majesty," he said with a smile, "I find it easier to govern thirty thousand Malays and Dyaks than to manage one dozen of your Majesty's subjects."

Brooke sailed back to his native State, and went on steadily with his work. Of course, such a man could not make great changes for good without offending those who had made profit in the bad old times; and at one time he had to face a dangerous rising of Chinese who lived on the northern shores of Borneo.

At this time Brooke was in great personal danger. He managed to escape from his house in the darkness by jumping into the river, diving under the bow of a Chinese barge, and swimming to the opposite bank. His subjects, however, stood by him loyally, and before long the rising was put down.

When he was sixty years of age he came to England, where he stayed for the remaining five years of his life. His nephew, who took the name of Brooke, was made Rajah of Sarawak, and the State was recognised as independent by the British.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.—THE ZULU WAR AND THE FIRST BOER WAR.

THE Boers of Cape Colony came under British rule after the wars with Napoleon, but they did not like their new governors. Therefore in the year before Queen Victoria came to the throne they made up their minds to leave the colony. They meant to go and make new homes for themselves in the great lands which stretched away to the northward.

So they loaded their huge lumbering waggons, which were drawn by long teams of strong oxen, and started off on what they called their "trek." In time they settled upon the grazing-grounds of Natal, and beyond the Orange River to the north.

But Natal had already been taken by the British coming in from the sea, and after some trouble with the Boer new-comers, Natal became a British colony. Some of the Boers made their homes there; others crossed the mountains to join their friends in what is now the Orange River Colony. A few years later this part of South Africa also came under British rule.

Then some of the Boers made another "trek" northward across the Vaal River, and set up a new State, which came to be known as the Transvaal. With these Boers the British made an arrangement by which the former were to govern themselves. The Boers of the Orange River country also took their fortunes into their own hands; so that now there were two Boer States in South Africa, named the Transvaal and the Orange River Free State.



AN INCIDENT IN THE ZULU WAR.

A number of years went by, and the Boers of the Transvaal began to be in great danger from the warlike tribe of the Zulus, who were pressing upon them from the east. The country was also badly ruled, and in great need of money. So the British took it over, and sent an armed force to deal with the Zulus. They were gathered together in warlike order under their King Cetewayo, and ready to swoop down upon the farms and townships of the Boers.

The British Governor at Cape Town sent to the Zulu King bidding him send his dark-skinned warriors to their homes. The reply of the dusky monarch was to fall upon a British regiment and completely wipe it out. When this news reached Cape Town and London, a large force was sent out under General Wolseley.

Under his command the Zulus were soon brought to order. During the war the young French prince Louis Napoleon fought as an officer on the side of the British. One day he was out riding with a few friends when the party was cut off by a body of Zulus. Some of them escaped, but the Prince was killed.

Meanwhile there was great discontent among the Boers, who did not wish to be under British rule. In 1880 they rose against them, and thus began what came to be known as the First Boer War. The British troops were more than once badly beaten, and in the fight at Majuba Hill their commander was killed.

After this the British Government made peace with the Boers. The Transvaal was to be free so far as its home affairs were concerned. This peace afterwards led to a great war, as we shall see in a later chapter.

Up to this time the Transvaal had been a farming country. The Boers lived upon their farms in much the same way as their forefathers had done for two hundred years. Shortly after the war, however, gold was found in two districts, and before long the Boer leaders had to govern, not only Boers, but also a large number of miners from all parts of the world.

In a very short time there rose on the chief gold-field a busy town, which was given the name of Johannesburg. It lay on the crest of a hill at a good height above the sea, and grew at a rapid rate. In two years it contained 25,000 people.

"The people speak of nothing but gold, gold, gold!" writes a visitor to the place. "It is in all their thoughts. They think of gold, they talk of gold, they dream of gold. I believe if some of them could, they would eat and drink gold." This, of course, was in the earliest days, when the town was like a digger's camp in Australia.

#### CHAPTER XXXVII.—THE INDIAN MUTINY—I.

It was in the year 1757 that Clive fought and won the great Battle of Plassey, and laid the foundation of our Empire in India. In 1857, just one hundred years later, the Indian Mutiny broke out, and shook that Empire to its base.

The Mutiny was a rising of the native soldiers against the British officers. There were several causes which helped to bring it about, and of these we must

learn a little. But the hundredth year of our rule in the country was looked upon by many of the natives as a good time for rising against their foreign masters. For a long time the wise men in the market-places had said that the rule of the "Feringhis" was to come to an end when a hundred years had gone by.

During the early years of Queen Victoria's reign several changes were made in India, which caused much discontent and unrest among the natives. There were in the country certain men who wished to turn the British out of India altogether, and they did their best to keep the discontent alive.

These people watched every chance to poison the minds of the native soldiers against the British officers. At that time there were in the Indian army six native soldiers to every one British; so they knew that if they could stir up the native against the European there would be very little chance for the latter.

In 1856 they were able to spread about a story which helped greatly to work out their plans. In that year the troops were supplied with rifles of a new kind, and it was whispered that the paper of the cartridge used in it was greased with a mixture of cow's fat and lard.

Now, the cow is a sacred animal among a certain section of the Indian people, while to others the pig is unclean. And as the soldiers would have to bite off the ends of their cartridges, their lips would, of course, come into contact with the grease. This, said those who told the story, was only the first step towards making the people of India give up their own religion

for that of the British. The rulers of India heard the tale, and knew that if it were not checked the results might be serious. So it was made widely known in the army that the British had not the least wish to offend their native subjects in any way.

The next year was that of which the native prophets had spoken, and the Mutiny broke out suddenly at Meerut on a Sunday evening in May. In this town, which lies not far from Delhi, a number of Sepoys had been put into prison for refusing to use the cartridges supplied for their rifles. A number of their friends then got together, killed some of the English officers, and then set the prisoners free.

The British troops were called out and the mutineers were driven out of the town. They went to Delhi, where lived in royal state the last of the Indian Moguls. He was, however, only a king in name, having been given by the British a splendid palace and a large income, in memory of the former greatness of the Emperors of India.

He was now near the end of his life, and had no desire to take part in any rising against the British. But the mutineers placed him at their head, and gave him the title of Emperor of Delhi. They meant to fight in his name, with the hope of driving the British out of the land. Some of the Europeans in Delhi were at once killed, among them a number of women and children.

The British troops did their best to hold the town, and one brave young officer fired the powder-magazine, so that the rebels would not have any powder for their guns. Strange to say, he was not hurt in the least.



But, in spite of their bravery, the town was soon in the hands of the mutineers.

In the course of a few hours the news of the outbreak reached Lahore, the chief town of the province known as the Punjab. This province was at the time ruled for the British by a brave officer named Lawrence. He was not in the town when the news came, but one of his officers, named Montgomery, saw at once the danger the town was in, and lost no time in taking action. His great fear was lest the Sepoys at the camp not far from Lahore should try to join the rebels.

A parade of the soldiers was ordered to take place in the early morning. Four bodies of Sepoys were marched out, and put through certain movements by their officers. It was so arranged that one of these movements should bring the men face to face with a number of guns which were loaded ready for firing. Behind these guns stood British soldiers with loaded rifles.

As soon as the Sepoys were in the required position, they were ordered to lay down their rifles. They could do nothing but obey, for they saw at once that they were at the mercy of their officers. Their arms were therefore given up, and the safety of the Punjab province was assured.

The rising was confined, therefore, to Bengal, and its history centres round the three cities of Delhi, Lucknow, and Cawnpore.

As soon as possible a force was sent to take Delhi from the rebels. On a long, narrow hill overlooking the city a camp was set up in the month of June. The

place was strongly fortified, and the Sepoys within its walls formed a strong force. But the British officers were determined to retake the city, for they saw that it formed the centre of the rebellion.—

Soldiers were brought down also from the Punjab, among them a body of natives who loyally stood by their officers. The city was stormed in September, but it was only after six days' hard fighting that it was taken. The aged monarch became a prisoner, and several members of his family met their deaths in the fighting.

Meanwhile in Lucknow the British were in a state of siege. Sir Henry Lawrence, who governed the city, had only a small number of British soldiers. These, with all the women and children, were taken to a building known as the Residency; and though it was not fitted for a place of defence, they held out there for three months against the rebels outside.

Sir Henry Lawrence cheered the little band by his coolness and courage, but he did not live long to inspire them by his example. Only a few days after the siege began a shell burst into his room, and wounded him so badly that he died two days later. Before he passed away he asked that on his tomb should be carved the words, "Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty." No truer account could have been given of his noble life.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.—THE INDIAN MUTINY—II.

At Cawnpore, on the Ganges, there were about a thousand British. When the Mutiny broke out, the commander, an old general named Wheeler, went for help to a wealthy native known as Nana Sahib. This man had always spoken and acted as though he were friendly to the British.

He came at once to Cawnpore with guns and soldiers. But, instead of helping Wheeler, he put himself at the head of the rebels and began to attack the British, who had placed themselves behind some low mud walls, which gave them very little protection.

Time after time the rebels made a rush, and were beaten off, though always with great loss. The women and children lay crouching under the low wall. There was only one well from which water could be drawn, and the mutineers took care to direct their fire upon it, so that many a brave man dropped dead or wounded as he was fetching a little water for his wife or child. For three weeks this went on.

At last Nana Sahib said that if the British would give up the place he would let them all go safely away down the river. The offer was gladly accepted, and the little band of weary people made their way to the boats, which were drawn up close to the bank of the Ganges.

But the cruel and crafty Nana never meant that one of the British should leave Cawnpore alive. During the night before they were to go he had soldiers and guns placed in a certain position on the bank from

General Havelock, who in the last few weeks of his life won for himself undying glory. He and his brave troops had covered 126 miles in nine days in the burning heat of an Indian July, and had fought four battles on the way. Just outside Cawnpore they met and defeated Nana Sahib's army. Great was their grief and horror when they entered Cawnpore and learned what his latest cruel deed had been.

The well which had become the grave of so many of our women and children was carefully filled up. When the Mutiny was over the ground round about it was made into a public garden, with a kind of stone screen round the well. Over the grave was placed a beautiful white marble statue of an angel standing at the foot of a cross.

#### CHAPTER XXXIX.—THE INDIAN MUTINY—III.

As we have already seen, Lucknow was surrounded by the rebels in June. When Havelock had beaten Nana Sahib near Cawnpore, he got ready to march to the help of the brave defenders of Lucknow.

They were in sore need of help. The enemy never gave them a moment's rest. They burrowed like moles under their feet, blew up the ground with powder, and rushed in among them ; but they were driven back again and again. Yet the strength of the defenders was failing. Their food was running short ; still they held out bravely.

"And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew."

There were, however, many difficulties in Havelock's path, and he could advance but slowly. He was fighting his way steadily on when Sir James Outram was sent to help him. Outram was his senior, and might have taken the command from him by the rules of the army, but he would not.

"To you," he wrote to Havelock, "shall be left the glory of bringing relief to Lucknow, for which you have fought so well. I shall go with you, and serve under you as a volunteer." So they fought on side by side. It was known in Lucknow that they were on their way. But would they reach the city in time?

A story is told of a Scottish girl in Lucknow who declared one day that she could hear in the distance the bagpipes of the Highlanders.

Like the march of soundless music  
Through the vision of the seer,  
More of feeling than of hearing,  
Of the heart than of the ear.  
She knew the droning pibroch,  
She knew the Campbell's call;  
"Hark! hear ye no MacGregor's,  
The grandest o' them all."

Oh, they listened, dumb and breathless,  
And they caught the sound at last;  
Faint and far beyond the Goomtee  
Rose and fell the piper's blast.  
Then a burst of wild thanksgiving  
Mingled woman's voice and man's;  
"God be praised! the march of Havelock!  
The piping of the clans!"

Yes, it was true. Before long the worn-out band knew that the soldiers were on the way to their relief.

Our great poet Tennyson tells the story of their arrival in words well known to all British people :

All on a sudden the garrison utter a jubilant shout,  
Havelock's glorious Highlanders answer with conquering cheers,  
Sick from the hospital echo them, women and children come out,  
Blessing the wholesome white faces of Havelock's good fusiliers,  
Kissing the war-hardened hand of the Highlanders wet with their  
tears.

But Havelock, after all, was not strong enough to drive away the rebels. Indeed, he and Outram now needed help in their turn. This was given them two months later by Sir Colin Campbell. He fought his way to Lucknow, and, being joined by Havelock and Outram, defeated the rebels.

The women and children were got safely away after all their troubles and dangers. But a few days later the brave Havelock died, worn out by the toils of his glorious march. The city of Lucknow was not taken until some months later.

It was about this time that Delhi fell once more into the hands of the British. One of the gates was blown up by a daring party of engineers. Our troops rushed in, and after much stern fighting took the city.

After this the Mutiny was soon put down. There was, however, more fighting in the central part of India, where an Indian princess, known as the Ranee of Jhansi, fought desperately at the head of her soldiers against the British. The Ranee was slain, but not before a brave fight. "The best *man* upon the side of the enemy," wrote the British officer, "was the woman found dead—the Ranee of Jhansi." With

her fought the cruel Nana Sahib, who after the battle fled to the jungle, and was never heard of again.

Some years after the Mutiny Queen Victoria took the title of Empress of India. The East India Company ceased to rule the land, and it became one of the most important parts of our great and world-wide Empire.

The rising of the Sepoys showed how important it was for us to have a quick way of getting to India. In the year that the Mutiny was put down a railway was laid across the Isthmus of Suez. Then about twelve years later the Suez Canal across this isthmus was opened. By means of this waterway the largest ocean steamers could pass from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea.

A traveller who crosses France and Italy by train, and then takes a steamer along the Mediterranean, through the Canal, down the Red Sea, and across the Indian Ocean, can now reach Bombay in about seventeen days, while a journey of two more days in the train takes him to Calcutta. In the time of Clive the journey round the Cape of Good Hope often took more than six months.

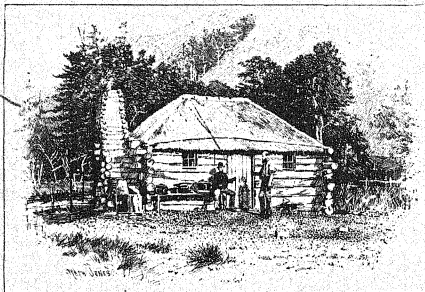
When we note the position of the Suez Canal on the map, we see how important it is for our hold on India that we should be strong in Egypt.

#### CHAPTER XL.—THE NEW ZEALAND COMPANY.

TWENTY years after Cook added New Zealand to our Empire, Governor King of New South Wales paid a visit to the islands. He was much pleased with the land of

the Maoris, and when he got back to Sydney he caused ships to be sent to bring away some of the kauri pine of the New Zealand forests. The sailors soon found that the shores of New Zealand abounded in whales, and the whale fisheries were started, which brought great wealth to many people.

Many of the Maoris took to a seafaring life, and soon



A SETTLER'S HUT.

numbers of them were to be seen in the streets of Sydney. One of them, named Ruatara, worked his passage to England in the hope of seeing George III. But when he got to London the captain treated him badly, would not pay him his wages, and put him on board a ship bound for Sydney.

Among the passengers was a clergyman named Marsden, who took pity upon poor Ruatara sitting



shivering in his blanket, looking as though he were about to die. From him he learnt a great deal of the land of the Maoris, and as he listened he made up his mind to go to New Zealand and preach to the people there.

He preached his first sermon at the Bay of Islands on Christmas Day, 1814. The Maoris listened quietly, and when the service was over they danced a war-dance in honour of the visitor. For the price of twelve axes the missionary bought a piece of land from a Maori chief, and built the first Christian church in New Zealand.

The missionaries not only preached to the Maoris, but they taught them to till the ground and to make their living by peaceful trading. They also strove hard to get them to give up cannibalism and slavery, and in this they had much success. A small printing-press was set up at the Bay of Islands, and the Bible was printed in the Maori tongue.

There was one Maori chief, however, named Hongi, who had by no means forgotten his savage ways, and who longed for the good old days when tribe fought with tribe, and the victory was to the strongest. He tried to get the missionaries to give him a supply of muskets, but had no success. Then he set out on a voyage to England, and was made much of by the people of London. He was presented to King George IV., who gave him a suit of armour. "There is only one King in England," the wily chief is reported to have said to his nearest friends after this visit to the King; "there shall be but one among the Maoris."

When he got back to Sydney he sold all the presents which had been given to him in London, and with the money so raised he bought three hundred muskets, as well as ball and powder. With these he armed his tribe, and soon it seemed very likely that he would become King of all the Maoris.

But one day Hongi went out to fight without his suit of chain armour, and was shot in the back, the ball passing through his lung. He lived for fifteen months after this, and, it is said, used to entertain his friends by allowing the wind to whistle through the bullet-hole in his body. When he died the chiefs went on fighting among each other, and the land was full of strife.

Then the country was taken over by the British Government. It was now well known that New Zealand promised to afford a splendid home for colonists from the Mother Country. So a company was formed in London, which got together a number of farmers and others who were willing to set out for the new land. Then, in the second year of Queen Victoria's reign, the first party set out, and landed at Port Nicholson.

In the same year the British Government sent out a governor of New Zealand named Captain Hobson. He met the Maori chiefs in council, and a treaty was drawn up. The Maoris promised to take Queen Victoria as their ruler. They were to keep the land for themselves, and sell it only if they chose.

But by-and-by quarrels arose between the Maoris and the new settlers about the land. Things went from bad to worse. A number of the settlers claimed

some land which they said had been sold to them, and started to build upon it. But the Maori chief Ruaparaha said it was his, and burnt the first huts that were built upon it.

Captain Wakefield set out with an armed force to arrest the Maori chief. Ruaparaha refused to give in, and after some talk a shot was fired by the whites which killed the daughter of the Maori chief. A fight began, in which the Maoris had the better, and Wakefield and eight others were made prisoners and put to death. Then the Maori chief called his people to his stronghold, and prepared for war against the whites.

The fighting broke out, however, not with this chief, but with another, named Honé Heké, who lived near the Bay of Islands. He cut down the flagstaff at the white settlement, and when it was set up he cut it down again. Soldiers were sent, but they were easily beaten. Then Honé Heké went into his *pah*, and waited for the British to attack him.

They came against him with heavy guns, and soon a small breach was made in the palisade. But before it was wide enough an attack was made, which the Maoris were able to repulse with ease. When night fell they quietly stole away, leaving the empty *pah* to their foes.

At this time there came out to New Zealand a governor named Grey, of whom we shall read in a later chapter, for he takes high rank among our Empire-makers.



LOST IN THE AUSTRALIAN DESERT.  
(From the original drawing by E. F. Brexiner.)

CHAPTER XLI.—THE AUSTRALIAN  
EXPLORERS—I.

IN the year of Waterloo a road was made from Sydney across the Blue Mountains to the inland settlement of Bathurst. This was one of the first steps taken to join up the settlement of Port Jackson with the land beyond the mountains. At that time the governor of the colony was an officer named Lachlan Macquarie, who has been called the "father of Australian exploration." He did a great deal to get men to learn all they could of those parts of Australia which lay far away from the sea-coast.

Beyond the mountains two rivers were found, afterwards called the Lachlan and the Macquarie. Both these streams flowed inland, and men were sent to find out where they went. But in each case it was found that the stream ended in a swamp which could not be passed.

A party then set out from Goulburn to Port Philip Bay. In due time they came to the Murrumbidgee, which was then in full flood. They made a kind of boat out of one of their carts and a tarpaulin, and safely crossed the raging river. Then they went on due south through very rough country till they came to a splendid stream. This was the Murray, but at the time they called it by another name. They crossed the river, then a range of hills, and came out at last on the coast near the place where Geelong now stands.

Two explorers, named Sturt and Hume, now set out to discover what became of the Lachlan and the Mac-

quarie, but they found little that was new, except a stream of which the water was salt. Then Sturt made up his mind to follow the Murrumbidgee, and see where it would lead him.

He and his party took drays loaded with provisions and boats, and followed the river till they came to the place where it joined the Lachlan. On they went, until seven days later their boats were shot into a great stream which Sturt guessed was fed by all the others. They went on past the spot where it was joined by the Darling, till they came to a broad lagoon in which the great river ended. Then Sturt left his boat and climbed a sandhill, to find himself upon the shores of Encounter Bay.

They had done well, but their heavy task was not yet ended. The story of the return to Sydney is one of the most heroic tales of travel. The weary men had to row their boat upstream, mile after mile, day after day, in the face of a strong current. When they at last reached the city Sturt went blind, and only recovered his sight many months afterwards.

Then came Sir Thomas Mitchell, who explored the Darling River, and founded a settlement at Fort Bourke, still the centre of a wide sheep-rearing district. He also explored the Murray, and traced its upper course to the Loddon, which flows from the highlands of Victoria.

Then he turned southwards to follow the new stream, and in time found himself, to his great delight, in the centre of fertile Victoria. He called the place an Eden, and himself the Adam of the new paradise.

But when he crossed the mountains and came out on the coast, he found a farm and a whaling-station in charge of two brothers named Henty. These men ran out a gun to receive the travellers, but matters were soon explained. This journey led to the opening out of the fertile State of Victoria.

A traveller named Eyre was the first to go into the interior of South Australia. He passed Lake Torrens, a great salt swamp, and went on through a salt desert to another extensive swamp which now bears his name.

He turned back to the coast and went westward along the shore, but found the country dry and barren. Yet he still pushed on after sending away all his party, except an old mate of his named Baxter, who would not leave him. With three blacks and a few horses and sheep the three faced the desert.

They could get scarcely any water, and very often had to depend upon what they could collect on sponges during the night. Then the food began to fail, and two of the blacks deserted them. After this came a great disaster. As Eyre was returning to camp with the horses, he heard a shot, and saw one of the blacks running away from the camp. When he reached the tent he found Baxter shot through the heart, the food stolen, and the baggage strewn about all over the camp.

With one black fellow Eyre still pushed on. The food came to an end, but water was met with, and at last they were saved by finding a ship in a little bay on the coast. Eyre rested for a while, then pushed on again, finishing his journey at Albany, having travelled a distance of 1,500 miles.

CHAPTER XLII.—THE AUSTRALIAN  
EXPLORERS—II.

THE next thing to be done was to explore the central part of the great island continent; and the man who first took the heavy task upon himself was Sturt, who had followed the great river Murray to its mouth.

He and his men spent a terrible time in the heart of the thirsty continent during one of the hottest summers ever known in Australia. The rains came in July, and then the party set out again in fresh hope and spirits.

After crossing a grassy plain Sturt came to sand-hills, and then to a stony desert. For the rest of the wet season he wandered about in the centre of Australia, and got caught in another dry summer. So great was the heat that one day the thermometer burst.

At last the party set their faces home again towards the Darling River. After this Sturt gave up the work of exploring, for his health was broken and his eyesight destroyed.

About this time a young German named Leichhardt set out for the Darling, and made his way to the north-west. He found much good pasture-land on his way, but he had great trouble with the blacks who lived to the south of the Gulf of Carpentaria. At last he fought his way to the northern coast.

After this journey the sheep-farmers were able to take up fresh plots of land in the west part of Queensland. The young traveller was made much of, and



received large sums of money for his work. His success led him to try to do even better than before. So he set out westward from the Darling into the heart of the continent. He was neither seen nor heard of again.

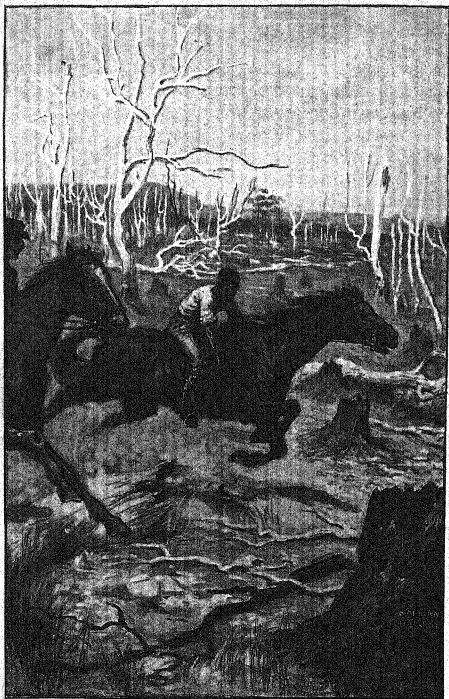
A traveller named Kennedy then tried to cross York Peninsula. Here he had to face a tropical jungle, where every creeper has cruel hooks and the stinging-nettles grow 15 feet high. He pushed on bravely, however, though after every few miles he lost one or more of his party for one reason or another.

At last he was left with only one black-fellow, and when he was very near the end of his journey he was set upon by a party of blacks and speared to death.

No one as yet had crossed the island continent from south to north. The chief men of South Australia now said they would pay the sum of £10,000 to the first man across the continent. A traveller named Stuart, who was one of Sturt's men, made up his mind to win the prize, if it were possible for anyone to win it.

He set out with only two companions, but after travelling a great distance he was forced by the blacks to turn back. Once again he set out, and once again had to turn back. His third attempt was made by another track, and at last he reached the northern coast.

Another inland journey made at this time was that of Burke and Wills. Their task was to find a way from the Darling to Cooper's Creek, and to set up a depot on the banks of the latter for the use of inland



AN AUSTRALIAN BLACK-TRACKER.

(The blacks are sometimes used by the police for tracking law-breakers.)

explorers. They had camels from India with expert drivers, and these were placed in the charge of Wills.

The two leaders went on ahead with a small party, leaving the rest of their friends with a man named Wright to follow on with the stores. But the two parties became separated. Burke and Wills, with a friend named King, got lost in the Bush country, which they did not know as well as an explorer ought to know it.

For weeks they fed upon herbs, and at last lay down to die. Then King crawled away, and in time met with some friendly blacks. But when they came to look for the others, they found only their dead bodies.

In time a party was sent out in search of the lost travellers. King was found living in some native huts. The bodies of Burke and Wills were brought back to Melbourne and buried with honour, a monument being afterwards raised to their memory.

#### CHAPTER XLIII.—SIR GEORGE GREY AS EMPIRE-BUILDER.

ONE day in the summer that Queen Victoria came to the throne the old wooden vessel *Beagle* sailed out of Plymouth Sound with a party of explorers on board. They were bound for the north-west regions of Australia, of which at that time little was known; and they were under the command of a young officer of the British army named George Grey.

He came of a family of soldiers. His father fought under Wellington in Spain, and fell before Badajos ; and the future explorer was born in Lisbon while the war in the Peninsula was going on. He was sent to England to be educated, joined the army, and then made up his mind to go exploring.

Hence his voyage to Australia. He wished to find out whether any great rivers ran into the ocean on the north-west of the continent, and he was able to solve this problem. He also studied carefully the plants and animals of the country, as well as the nature of the soil. "When I first landed," he wrote later, "Australia was almost a secret ; you had only to go outside your own door to find something fresh in the world of plants."

He had many adventures while in this part of Australia. In one place he and two of his friends were set upon by the blacks, and in defending himself Grey was badly wounded. And at another time he tramped overland to Perth, and learnt from bitter experience what Australian exploration really meant.

After a short stay at home he was sent out to South Australia as governor, and, having served with credit there, he was made Governor of New Zealand at a time when the British settlers were at war with the Maoris, who were led by Honé Heké.

Grey at once took the field, and won a victory over the Maori forces, which brought the war to an end. When peace was secured, the new governor did his best to win the Maoris over to his side by kindness and justice. He learnt their language, and made a

special study of their customs and their rich store of stories and legends.

He told the Maoris that their lands should not be taken from them, and set to work to build roads between their villages. One chief said that a road should not be made through his village. Grey therefore presented a carriage to the chief's sister, and the objection to the road vanished as if by magic. He used the same tact in all his dealings with the Maoris, and they learnt not only to respect him, but to love him. When Grey came to New Zealand the whole country was in a state of ferment. When he left it, only eight years later, the natives were living in peace, and the white settlers had increased in numbers as well as in wealth and well-being. Just before he returned to England the country was given a Parliament of its own.

He next went as Governor to South Africa, and worked hard and well for the good of the colony. The natives were justly treated and firmly ruled. The harbour of Cape Town was built; schools, libraries, and hospitals were set up. Then came the Indian Mutiny.

It must not be forgotten that in those days there were no deep-sea telegraph cables and no Suez Canal. News of the Mutiny reached Cape Town long before the people of England knew of the rising. As soon as Grey knew what had happened he acted promptly, and without waiting for instructions from home.

He rode out to the various Kaffir chiefs, and got them to promise to keep the peace. Then he shipped every

soldier he could spare to India. He even sent his own carriage-horses, and when troopships bound for China called at the Cape in passing he ordered them to go at once to India. But for this timely help, Lucknow might have fallen, and the whole story of the Indian Mutiny might have been even sadder than it really was.

In a few years Grey was back again in New Zealand, where he once more served the Empire with zeal and with honour. When he came back to London, the natives of those far-away lands sent him a beautiful address. "Our word to you, O Grey," they called it, and they prayed, "May God's blessing rest upon you, and give peace and happiness to you who have done so much for the peace and happiness of others!"

#### CHAPTER XLIV.—THE AUSTRALIAN GOLDFIELDS.

By the middle of last century much of the best portions of Australia had been explored. After the brave explorers came the colonist and the sheep-farmer, who settled wherever the soil was good and the water-supply sufficient. Soon Australia was famed in the Mother Country for the fine wool which she sent to the factories of Yorkshire and Scotland.

But in due time the continent became known for something of even greater value. Gold was discovered in the year 1851, and all at once Australia became to thousands of people all over the world "the land of

promise." The discovery was made, it is said, in the following way :

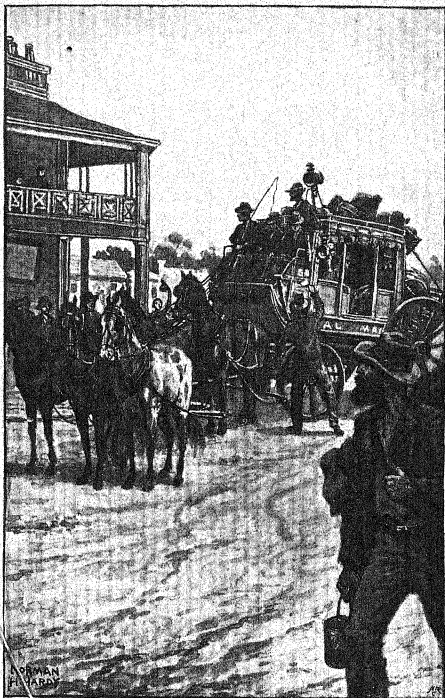
A certain Australian named Hargreaves left his home to go gold-digging in America. When he came back he settled near Bathurst, where, it seemed to him, the rocks and gullies appeared to be very like those on the goldfields he had just left.

Without telling anyone his thoughts on the matter, he began to look for gold, and to his great delight he was successful. As we might expect, he was much excited. "My boy," he said to a young fellow who was with him, "I shall be a baronet before long; you will be knighted, and my old horse will be stuffed and put into a glass case in the British Museum."

Hargreaves went on with his search, and made fresh finds over a wide tract of ground. Then he made known his discovery to the Government. In a few months there were four hundred diggers at work on the goldfield.

Then more gold was found a few miles from Melbourne, and more again at Ballarat and Bendigo. Before the end of 1851 what were known as the "roaring days" of Australia had begun.

Everyone was anxious to get to the goldfields, and become rich by a lucky find. The seaports were deserted, and there were no sailors to man the ships. Shearing-time came round, and the sheep on many of the great farms went unshorn for want of shearers. There were very few reapers to gather in the harvest. The clerk left his desk, the tradesman his shop, and even the policeman his beat, to join in the rush to the gold-



TRAVELLING BY ROAD IN AUSTRALIA.



fields. Food rose to very high prices. In five years the number of people in Victoria increased fourfold.

Life on the diggings was rough and ready, but, on the whole, it was not lawless. The men saw that the police were too few in number to keep order, so the best of them banded together to help them. There were many women and children in the diggers' camps, and they helped in a quiet way to keep down roughness and disorder.

The Government asked each miner to pay a digging fee of thirty shillings a month. For a man who had found a great deal of gold this was not a large sum to pay. But for a man who had not yet found any it was a great deal too much, and all were asked to pay alike.

This led to discontent, and when the police came to collect the tax trouble arose. The police came armed to the diggings, and this roused the anger of many of the diggers. They sent a letter to the Government asking that the tax should be ten shillings a month, and that the police who came to collect it should not be armed.

These things were not done, and after some time the miners took up arms, and riots began to take place. The police were pelted with stones, and soldiers were sent to their help. The diggers threw up a stockade, which was attacked by the soldiers, who fired and killed a number of the men.

The diggers fired too, and four of the soldiers fell dead. At last the soldiers put the miners to flight, and the "battle" was over. The result of it was the doing

away with the hated tax. Each miner was asked to pay £1 a year for the right of digging, and every man who paid was given a vote. But some of the leaders of the riot were punished, while others made their escape.

The gold of Australia did not prove to be small in quantity. After a time the rush to the goldfields stopped, and people settled down to quiet life once more. But the mining for gold still went on. Machines were invented for taking the gold from the earth, and the mines became one of the chief sources of wealth to Australia.

At first the gold was mined in the south-east corner ; but as time went on the precious metal was found in many other places in the continent. But there was never again such a great rush from all parts of the world as there was in the year 1851 and shortly afterwards.

We ought to remind ourselves what was happening in England at the time. The year 1851 was the year of the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park, in which Queen Victoria's husband the Prince Consort took such a keen interest.

In a great house of glass known as the Crystal Palace were gathered together great numbers of the manufactures of all nations. The noble idea of the Prince Consort was that the nations should strive against each other, not in the arts of war, but in the arts of peace.

The Exhibition was opened by Queen Victoria, and visited by many thousands of people from all parts of the world, and in every way was a great success.

When it was over, the glass building was taken down and set up again not far from London, where it stands to-day, and is still known as the Crystal Palace.

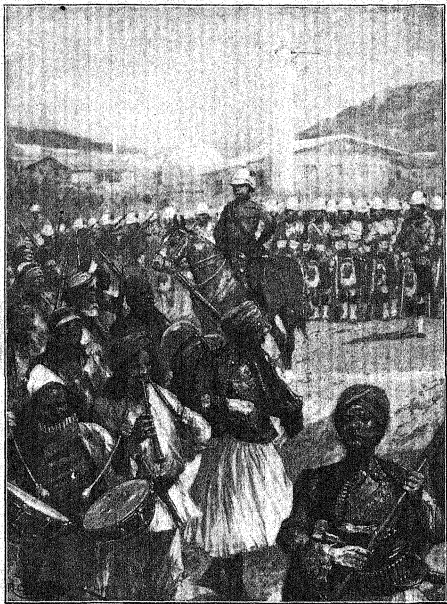
#### CHAPTER XLV.—BRITAIN IN EGYPT—I.

THE Suez Canal, opened in 1869, made Egypt more than ever the "highway to India." But we took no share in making it, and had at first no voice in its management. The money was found by the people of France, and the engineer who planned it was a Frenchman named De Lesseps.

The ruler of Egypt, who is known as the Khedive, had a large share in the Canal. He was a man who was always in need of money, and one day he made up his mind to sell his share for a large sum. It was bought by the British at the advice of the Prime Minister Disraeli, and in this way we obtained a voice in the management of the "highway to India."

Britain and France had now great power over the Khedive of Egypt. He did not like this, and gave much trouble. So he was forced to give up his throne to his son, while Britain and France helped the new ruler to govern the land.

There was in the army of Egypt an officer known as Arabi Pasha, who wished to do away with the power of Britain and France in the land. So he placed himself at the head of a large party, whose aim was to drive them out. France would not help to put him down, and Britain, therefore, had to do the work alone.



THE BRITISH OCCUPATION OF CYPRUS.

*(From a drawing by R. Caton Woodville, R.I.)*

(The island was taken from the Sultan of Turkey in 1878, to serve as a storehouse for the British fleet.)

There was a good deal of fighting before things were quiet again. A British fleet bombarded the town of Alexandria on the seaboard of Egypt, and a great land battle was fought at Tel-el-Kebir, in which Arabi was defeated. He was sent as a prisoner to Ceylon, and peace was once more restored in the land.

But after these events the British kept an army in Egypt, while British advisers took a larger share than ever in helping the Khedive to rule the land. The French share in the government came to an end.

For some time the rulers of Egypt had been extending their rule to the south into that part of Africa known as the Soudan. This country was peopled by a fine race of negroes, who suffered greatly at the hands of the Arab slave-traders of those parts. A strong man was needed who would go into the heart of the land and put down this cruel slave-trade.

At last the Khedive found the man for the work. This was a brave British officer, whose name was Charles George Gordon. He had fought in the Crimea and in China, and in the latter country he had earned the name of "Chinese Gordon." He was made governor of those parts of the Soudan over which the Khedive claimed to rule.

The great desire of Gordon's heart was to put down the horrible slave-trade. So he went from place to place, mounted on his swift camel, striking terror to the hearts of the cruel slave-dealers, and forcing them to set free their slaves. "I have set my face to this great work," he wrote home, "and I will give my life to it." After a while he came back home again, but

only for a time. He was, indeed, to give his life to the work.

There arose among the Arabs of the Soudan a leader who called himself the Mahdi. He said that he was a prophet sent by God to make the Arabs rulers of all the earth. He raised a great army, and soon the rule of the Khedive in the Soudan was at an end. The British told the Khedive that the best thing he could do was to let the Soudan go.

But, in certain parts of the country there were little bands of Egyptian soldiers who would have to be brought away in safety, and Gordon was asked if he would go once more to the Soudan and bring them away. At once he set out, and made his way with all speed to the town of Khartum, far in the heart of the Soudan.

When he got there he begged that troops might be sent to him at once, and that the way along the great River Nile into Egypt might be kept open. But these things were not done. Very soon the Arabs came in a great army, and shut him up in Khartum.

They hoped to starve Gordon out, and did not therefore try very hard to take the place. But they worried him by little attacks, and there were men among his own troops whom Gordon needed to watch very closely lest they should give up the town to the Arabs. Yet he kept a brave heart and a cheerful face. Help would come, he told his men, down the Nile or across the desert, which stretched as far as the eye could reach all round the city.

After a great deal of delay a British force under

General Wolseley was sent up the Nile to bring relief to Khartum. While it was on its way Gordon sent a little steamer down the river with some of his papers, in charge of the only two white men who were with him. But the steamer was caught by the Arabs, and the two men were killed.

The Mahdi took care to let Gordon know what had happened. But though he grieved for the loss of his friends, he showed no fear. "Tell the Mahdi," he said to those who brought the news, "it is all one to me. I am here like iron."

In his lonely evenings he wrote in his diary, which a little later he was able to send away safely on another steamer. Even in this time of loneliness and suspense he was very cheerful. "I am quite happy," he wrote, "and, like Lawrence, I have tried to do my duty. I have done my best for the honour of our country."

Meanwhile the British were pushing on as quickly as they could. The Nile below Khartum is full of cataracts, and the soldiers had to be taken over these in boats built for the purpose in England. At last the force was able to take a short cut across the desert.

The Arabs were beaten after a fierce fight. Then the British pressed on, until they were about four days' march from Khartum. Two steamers were sent up the river in advance.

On January 28, 1885, they came in sight of the city, and saw that there was no flag flying on the palace; and as they drew nearer guns began to open fire upon them. They had come too late. Khartum had fallen!

Only two days before the Arabs had made their way,



GORDON'S MONUMENT IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE, LONDON.

*(Photo by the London Stereoscopic Co.)*



into the city, and Gordon had met his death at their hands. This is the story of his last moments, as told some years later :

“The surging mass of Arabs threw itself upon the palace, overflowed into the lovely garden, and burst through the doors, in wild search for their prey ; but Gordon went alone to meet them.

“As they rushed up the stairs he came towards them, and tried to speak to them ; but they could not or would not listen, and the first Arab plunged his huge spear into his body.

“He fell forward on his face, was dragged down the stairs ; many stabbed him with their spears, and his head was cut off and sent to the Mahdi.”

There was nothing for Wolseley to do but to go back again. And the Soudan was given up—for a time.

## CHAPTER XLVI.—BRITAIN IN EGYPT—II.

THE British, as we have seen, won great power in Egypt, though they did not take the country and rule it as their own. They used their power, however, for the good of the country and its people. They set engineers to work to convey water from the Nile to the rice and cotton fields of Egypt ; for the country is practically rainless. They chose tax-collectors who were honest, and they made the people feel that if they were wronged the law would see them righted.

At the same time, the British took steps to improve the army. They hoped one day to march south again

and drive the Arabs from Khartum; and as they knew that British troops could not be had in any large numbers for this purpose, they made up their minds to train the Egyptians for the work.

At first the native soldiers did not know how to fight, and they were by no means brave. In the year before Gordon's death there was a battle with the Arabs, in which the Egyptian soldiers did not do themselves credit.

They were three thousand five hundred in number, and were met by a body of Arabs about one thousand strong. At once the Egyptians threw down their arms and ran, allowing themselves to be killed without making any attempt to defend themselves.

But after a few years of drilling by British officers they made good soldiers. They seemed to lose all fear, and when a force met a large army of Arabs in open fight they stood their ground, and did not yield one inch before the mad rush of the dervishes.

Before long the army was ready to march south, and do the work for which they had been making themselves ready for some years. The Sirdar, or chief officer of the Egyptian army, was Sir Herbert (afterwards Lord) Kitchener.

The troops marched across the desert, and gunboats were sent up the Nile. The Arabs were driven back step by step, and the land they had held was once more added to that ruled by the Khedive. Then a railway was laid in order to carry the troops still further to the south. British troops were now brought to help the Egyptians, for harder work was in store.

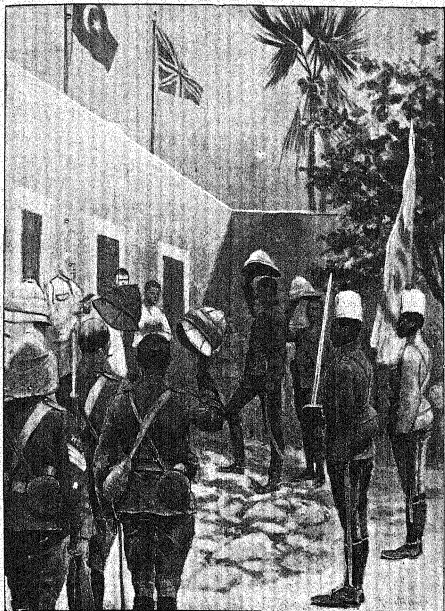
Before long Kitchener came up with the Arabs and made an attack upon them. They were completely beaten, and lost about three thousand men. At once they fell back and took up a position not far from Khartum.

Kitchener followed them up, and after a fierce battle beat them again. They were no longer under the Mahdi, who had died some time before, but were led by a chief who was known as the Khalifa. Kitchener was now able to make his way into Khartum, and on the spot where Gordon fell a memorial service was held.

But the Khalifa made his escape, and for some time he was a source of trouble to the officers of the Khedive. At last, however, he was brought to bay by a British officer named Colonel Wingate. The dervishes were again beaten, and their leader was killed. He died like a hero.

When his men were fleeing before the terrible fire of the British guns, the Khalifa called to his chiefs, and said: "I am not going away; I shall die here. I call on you to stay by me, and let us die together." The chiefs agreed, and stood in front of their master, meeting death bravely, without the least sign of fear.

After this there was peace in the Soudan, and the power of the British in Egypt was greater than ever.



AT THE GRAVE OF GORDON.

*(From a drawing by R. Caton Woodville, R.I.)*

## CHAPTER XLVII.—THE GATE TO INDIA.

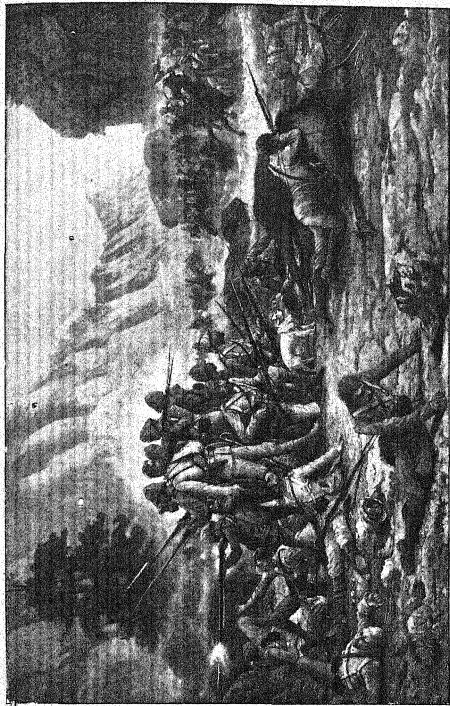
LET us look for a few moments at the map of India. It forms a peninsula lying in the southern part of Asia. To the north and north-east it is defended by the lofty wall of the Himalayas and other mountains. On the east and west there is the sea ; so that in almost all directions it is protected by Nature.

But to the north-west lies a path through the mountains which has been called "the land gate to India." And this part of the country has been the scene of great events in the history of our Empire. The "gate" is in our hands, and we have on the Indian side a strongly-fortified post. On the other side lies the land of the Afghans, a race of fierce mountain warriors, who are under a ruler known as the Amir.

To the north of the country of the Afghans lies land ruled by the Emperor of Russia ; so that Afghanistan forms what has been called a "buffer State" between India and Russia. It is, therefore, a very important country because of its position, and for a long time both British and Russians have striven to become as powerful as possible in Afghanistan.

If we should ever have the misfortune to go to war with Russia, we should no doubt watch the "land gate to India" very closely indeed.

In the year 1878 it seemed as though war were about to break out between ourselves and the Russians, for reasons which need not trouble us here. Just at this



FIGHTING THE AFGHANS AT MAIWAND.

(From the painting by Frank Keller; by kind permission of Messrs. H. Graves & Co., Ltd.)

time Russia sent to the Amir to see if he would stand by them in case of war. The British in India at once took alarm; and as it was known that the Amir was friendly to Russia, the Viceroy sent a British force into his country.

A strong fortress in the south of the Amir's country was taken. Then Sir Frederick Roberts took his force through the rough mountain country close to Cabul, the capital of the Afghans. After this the Amir fled, and his son was placed on the throne.

The British now made up their minds to send an officer to live in Cabul, and watch how things went on in that city. The new Amir said he would be pleased to see him, and Sir Louis Cavagnari was sent with an escort of British soldiers. Peace was then made, and it seemed as if our position in the land of the Amir was much more secure. 21

For a time all went well. But the Amir was too weak to keep his people in hand, and their hatred for the "infidels" soon began to show itself. Then one day one of Cavagnari's escort reached the British camp near the Afghan border. He had spent twelve days on the rough road from Cabul, and his strength was almost failing.

He brought terrible news. The envoy and his men had been killed. The Afghans had risen, and the power of the Amir was gone.

Once again British troops set out on the march into the hill-country. Roberts planted the British flag on the citadel of Cabul, beat back the Afghans, who tried to hem him in, and then made ready to set out for

Candahar. There a small British garrison had been shut up by a strong force of the enemy.

The distance was somewhat over three hundred miles, and the way lay through a rough and desert land. The force under Roberts was made up of ten thousand men, with eight thousand camp-followers, and no time was to be lost on the way.

The weather was intensely hot during the day, and bitterly cold at night and in the early morning. When the column came to the desert country, where there was no protection from the burning rays of the sun, the men suffered terribly.

"Underfoot were stone and sand and choking dust ; on either hand a barren mountain wall ; and above and below and all around the glare of the sun seemed to dry up the marrow in your bones and make your soul faint within you." So wrote one who took part in that now famous march.

The bread only lasted five days. After this meal had to be got from the people met with on the way ; and they were not only few in number, but very poor. There was a great lack of fuel. Several times the officers bought a house by the way, and pulled it to pieces in order to get wood for the fires. Water was very scarce, and when a mountain stream was met with the soldiers ran great risks with every drink they took.

Yet on they went, marching, as a rule, for an hour, and then resting for ten minutes. During these short spells of rest Roberts used to snatch a few moments' sleep. Near the end of the march he was ill with fever,



and had to be carried in a kind of bed called a doolie. "A most humiliating way of getting along," he wrote later, "for a general on service; but there was no help for it, for I could not sit a horse."

On the last day in August, three weeks after setting out, he sent a telegram from Candahar to the British officer in Simla. "The force under my command," it ran, "arrived here this morning." On the next day another telegram reached the Indian town: "The Afghan army to-day beaten and completely scattered, with, I hope, small loss on our side."

This ended the war. A new Amir was set up, who promised to be friendly to the British. And the brave General was made Lord Roberts of Candahar.

#### CHAPTER XLVIII.—THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

WHEN we speak of Canada to-day, we think of the whole of the northern part of North America stretching from ocean to ocean. But when Queen Victoria came to the throne, Canada meant the lands about the Great Lakes and the lower part of the river St. Lawrence.

At that time there were an Upper and a Lower Canada. The former was for the most part peopled by British colonists, and is now known as the province of Ontario. The latter was the home of people who were descended from the first French settlers, of whom we have already read in this book.

At the head of each of the Canadas was a governor sent out from London. In the year that Queen Vic-

toria came to the throne there was much discontent in Lower Canada. The people said that the governor was not treating them fairly, and meetings were held at which affairs were talked over, not without a great deal of heat.

The governor said that these meetings were not to be held, and this led to an armed rising. There was a good deal of bloodshed, but after a short time the rebellion was put down by the troops.

After this it was decided to join together the Canadian provinces, and to make certain changes which would do away with the discontent in the country. The Canadas, with Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, were joined together to form what was to be known as the Dominion of Canada. A way was left open for other provinces to join the Dominion as time went on, and since that time this has been done.

The great lands of the North were held at one time by the Hudson Bay Company, who had rights somewhat like those of the East India Company, of which we have read a great deal. In 1869 these rights were sold to the British Government, and the great hunting-grounds of the North and North-West became part of the Dominion of Canada.

This did not please the people of the Red River District. They rose against the British, and said that they would not obey the new governor who was sent out to rule them. The chief of the rebels was a man named Louis Riel, who marched at the head of a company to Fort Garry, and took possession of it. He also took over the money of the Company which he

found there, and published a paper saying that the land was independent of anyone.

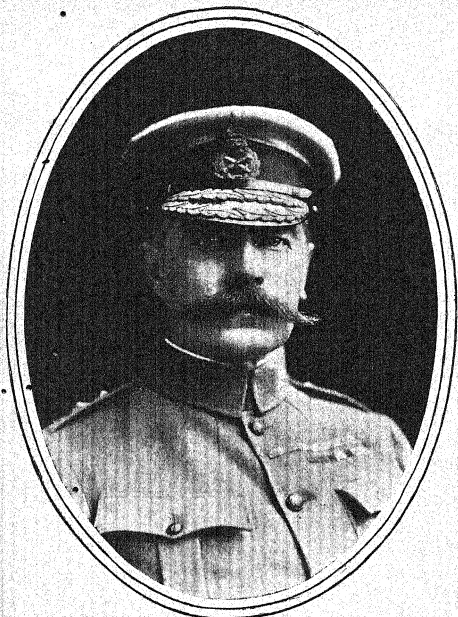
A British force was sent out under Colonel Wolseley, and when it reached Fort Garry the rebels gave in. The new district was given the name of Manitoba, and is now one of the busiest of the Canadian provinces.

Between 1881 and 1885 the Canadian Pacific Railway was laid, and now joins east to west. Along its path many colonists have settled, and they work chiefly on the rich farm-lands of the south of the Dominion. Gold was found at a later date in the Klondike district of the far North-West, and at once there was a great rush of miners to the diggings.

#### CHAPTER XLIX.—THE SECOND BOER WAR.

THE Boers of the Transvaal named the men of all races who came to the goldfields Outlanders—that is to say, strangers. In time these people became so numerous that the Boer farmers made up their minds that they would keep them strangers. They would not let them have any share in the government of the country, and made things as uncomfortable for them as they could.

Now, among these Outlanders there were a large number of British people. They had always been used to citizen rights in the Old Country. If men paid taxes, they said, they must have a share in the government. They did not see why they should pay large sums of



LORD KITCHENER.

*(Photo by Duffus Bros., Johannesburg.)*

money, and have no voice in saying how the money should be spent.

Before long there was an attempt at a rising against the Boer Government, at the head of which was the President, Paul Kruger. An Englishman, named Dr. Jameson, with a small force of armed and mounted men, made a raid into the Transvaal. They expected that the Outlanders of the gold town would rise in revolt and join them. Instead of that, the raiders were stopped by the Boers, made prisoners, and handed over to the British Government to be punished.

Then the British Government tried to get the Boer leaders to allow the Outlanders to have citizens' rights in the country. But it was soon clear that war was at hand. British soldiers were sent to South Africa to be ready, but the Boers took the first step, and invaded Natal in 1899. The Orange State joined the Transvaal, and many of the Dutch in Cape Colony hoped that they would win.

We did not know what brave and firm foes the Boers were going to be. They were capital shots, and they knew the country well. It was full of steep hills, known as kopjes, and the distances between the towns and villages were very great. Most of our men, too, had to be sent a distance of six thousand miles by sea ; and when they reached Cape Town they were still a long way from the place where the fighting was going on.

So, though our soldiers were as brave as ever, and won several victories, many mistakes were made. At the end of a fortnight a large force under Sir George White was shut up in a town named Ladysmith, in

the north of Natal. On the western side of the Transvaal the Boers were besieging Kimberley, a town where there were rich diamond mines ; and far away in the north-west a little town called Mafeking was also surrounded by them.

Then came a very black week in December, 1899, when the British forces suffered severe checks at no less than three places. An appeal was made for volunteers to go out and help the regular soldiers. At once there was a ready response to the call.

Not only were young Englishmen proud and eager to go out to the war, but it was now clear to everyone how ready were the great British States beyond the sea to stand by the Motherland in her hour of need. From Australia, from New Zealand, from Canada they came, many of them famous riders, with good horses, and well fitted by their daily life for the work they had to do.

Meanwhile the three towns named above were holding out bravely. Twice the Boers nearly got into Ladysmith, and it was all that the defenders could do—half-starved and ill as many of them were—to keep them out. Again and again the British tried to relieve the town ; but it was no easy task, and again and again they were forced to fall back.

At last their heroic efforts were crowned with success, and Ladysmith was relieved. A fortnight before Kimberley had also been freed from the enemy. Mafeking had to wait yet another three months, holding out altogether for seven months under the command of Colonel Baden-Powell.

Meanwhile the British Government had sent out

General Roberts, the hero of Candahar, and General Kitchener, the hero of Khartum, to take the war in hand. Before long the tide was completely turned. Roberts marched on Bloemfontein, the capital of the Orange State, and from there issued a proclamation to the effect that the State was now British, and that its new name was the Orange River Colony.

Then he pushed on to Pretoria, the capital of the Transvaal, and this State was also taken over by the British. President Kruger left the country, and made his way to Europe.

After spending nearly a year in the country Lord Roberts came home again, leaving Kitchener in command. About this time Queen Victoria died. The war had wrung her heart with sorrow, and it was sad that she should die before peace was made.

But peace was far away yet. Though the great battles were over, small bands of Boers under brave and clever leaders went on for many months doing all the harm they could; so nimble were they, and so well did they know the country, that they could not be caught.

It was not until May, 1902—two and a half years after the war broke out—that they agreed to give up a warfare which caused much misery and led to nothing; and on Sunday evening, June 1, the joy-bells of the London churches told the people of the great Mother-city that once more there was peace within the borders of the Empire.

## CHAPTER L.—THE BIRTH OF A NEW NATION.

NEAR the end of Queen Victoria's reign a great event happened in the history of Australia. Up to that time the island continent had been divided into five separate colonies, each with a governor of its own, and each like a separate country. In many ways this proved to be an unwise arrangement, and in due time the several colonies, with Tasmania, agreed to join together to form what was to be called the Commonwealth of Australia.

The Commonwealth dates from New Year's Day of the year 1901. On that day a great meeting was held at Sydney to hail the birth of the newest of the nations. The place chosen was the city park, where a beautiful marble temple had been set up. The floor was a block of granite, six-sided, to stand for the six "States" of the new nation.

A thousand picked troops had been sent from all parts of the Empire, and among these men were a hundred soldiers in the gayest of uniforms from the regiments of India. The streets of Sydney were gay with flags and flowers, and arches were set up at various points.

The chief event of the day was the taking of the oath of office by the new Governor-General of Australia. When he had done so before a crowd of the leading people in the country, a message was read from London. It ran :

"The Queen commands me to express through you to the people of Australia Her Majesty's heartfelt



interest in what is taking place to-day, and her wish that under God it may bring prosperity and happiness to her loyal and beloved people in Australia." Such was the great Queen's birthday message to the new nation.

A new Parliament was now chosen for the whole of the continent, and was opened by the grandson of the Queen a few months after her death. This took place in a large building in Melbourne.

Here were gathered together some twelve thousand people from all parts of Australia, some of whom had come for many hundreds of miles to take part in the ceremony.

The Prince and Princess were led by the Governor-General to a dais under the great dome of the building. Behind sat the governors of the six states; in front stood the members of the new Parliament of the continent. Then, to the strains of a great band, the voices of all present were lifted in the hymn, "All people that on earth do dwell."

The Governor-General then read a prayer asking the blessing of God on the work which lay before the new Parliament. The Prince now declared the Parliament open. At the same moment the Princess touched an electric button, and gave the signal for the hoisting over every public school in Victoria of the Union Jack.

Last of all, the Prince read out a message from King Edward to the people of Australia. It ran as follows: "My thoughts are with you to-day on this great event. Most fervently do I wish the Commonwealth of Australia success and great happiness."

A flag was now chosen for the new nation. It has a



KING EDWARD VII.

*(From a print after Stuart Wortley : by kind permission of Messrs. Graves & Co., Ltd.)*

Union Jack in one corner ; beneath is a six-pointed star, which calls to mind the six States now joined in one ; and on the other part of the flag are five stars forming the Southern Cross.

“The Charter’s read ; the rites are o’er ;  
The trumpets’ blare and cannons’ roar  
Are silent, and the flags are furled ;  
But not so ends the task to build  
Into the fabric of the world  
The substance of our hope fulfilled—  
To work as those who greatly have divined  
The lordship of a continent assigned  
As God’s own gift for service to mankind.”

#### CHAPTER LI.—THE ASSEMBLY OF THE EMPIRE.

QUEEN VICTORIA reigned over the Empire for no less than sixty-four years. During her reign, as we have seen, many things happened which find a place in the history of the Empire. The most important of these was the change which took place in the minds of many people at home with regard to the great lands beyond the sea, where Britons have made their homes.

People came to look upon the Mother Country and the British States over the sea as one great family of nations. The latter are, if we like to call them so, the daughters of Britain. They are able to manage their own households, and each keeps up the family love of freedom for herself. But all are united by affection, proud of their family history, and wishful to keep the bond of kinship close and secure.

Great Britain without her daughter nations would hold a very different place in the world from that which she now occupies. The daughter States, too, would be each and all the weaker if they were not parts of a great world-empire. United, the British Empire has doubtless a wonderful future before it.

These feelings were shown very plainly when the Colonies took part in Queen Victoria's two jubilees, as well as at the time when strong men from all parts of the Empire came at the call of the Mother Country to fight her battles in South Africa.

At the jubilee of 1887, when the Queen had reigned fifty years, some of the leading men from all parts of the Empire met together. They talked over matters which had to do with the government of the Empire. Then, again, at the time of the Diamond Jubilee, ten years later, there was another meeting of much the same kind. The great procession through London streets at the Diamond Jubilee will never be forgotten by those who saw it. It seemed to bring the whole of the vast British Empire in one moving picture before the eyes of the gazing crowds.

"Here were not only Englishmen, Scotsmen, Irishmen, Welshmen, but Mounted Rifles from Victoria and New South Wales, from the Cape, from Natal, from Canada. Here were Hausas from the Niger and the Gold Coast, coloured men from the West Indian Regiments, Zaptiehs from Cyprus, Chinamen from Hong Kong, and Dyaks from British North Borneo.

"Here, the finest sight of all, were the Imperial Service Troops, sent by the native princes of India ;

while the Sikhs, who marched earlier in the procession, received their full share of cheers and admiration.”\*

And all these people from the very ends of the earth were at one in doing honour to the “quiet-looking old lady, in dark and simple attire,” who was the head and the bond of union of the British Empire.

One step more to closer union was taken when Edward VII. added to his title of King of Great Britain and Ireland, Emperor of India, the words, “*and King of the British Dominions beyond the Seas.*”

The British nation may well be proud of being at the head of so great an Empire. But it ought not to make us either boastful or greedy; nor should it make us wishful to enlarge the Empire on any excuse, just or unjust. We have grave duties as Empire citizens, especially towards the natives who come under our rule. And we may as a nation take well to heart Queen Victoria’s childlike warning to herself: “There is much splendour, but there is much responsibility.”

Let us conclude with some lines of the poet Rudyard Kipling, written when the first jubilee celebration was over:

“The tumult and the shouting dies,  
The captains and the kings depart;  
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,  
A humble and a contrite heart.  
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget! lest we forget!”

\* From *The Times*.

A FEW IMPORTANT DATES  
IN THE  
HISTORY OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

- 1577-1580. Drake's voyage round the world.
1588. Defeat of the Spanish Armada.
1590. Raleigh attempts to settle a colony in Virginia.
1600. The East India Company obtain a Royal Charter.
1620. Voyage of the Pilgrim Fathers.
1642. Tasman discovers Van Diemen's Land.
1699. Dampier explores portions of the Western Coast of  
Australia.
1704. Admiral Rooke captures Gibraltar.
1751. Seizure of Arcot by Clive.
1757. Battle of Plassey—Foundation of our Indian Empire.
1759. Battle of Quebec—Canada falls into British hands.
1769. Cook lands at Poverty Bay, New Zealand, and later  
circumnavigates the islands.
1770. Cook explores the Eastern Coast of Australia, and  
takes possession of New South Wales.
- 1775-1783. War of American Independence.
1788. First settlements in Australia. Warren Hastings' trial begins.
1789. Beginning of the French Revolution.



- 1803. Battles of Assaye and Argaun.
- 1814. Missionaries preach to the Maoris for the first time—  
First Settlements made about this time. The Cape  
of Good Hope becomes British.
- 1839. Treaty of Waitangi between British and Maoris.
- 1840. Federation of the Canadian Provinces.
- 1851. Discovery of gold in Australia.
- 1857-1858. The Indian Mutiny.
- 1876. Queen Victoria proclaimed Empress of India.
- 1879. Zulu War.
- 1880-1881. First Boer War.
- 1900. Annexation of Transvaal and Orange Free State.
- 1901. Proclamation of the Australian Commonwealth.